

MILITARY AND NAVAL MAGAZINE

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

VOL. IV.—NO 4.—DECEMBER, 1834.

GERMAN MILITARY HISTORY.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, London, July, 1834.

George von Frundsberg, oder das Deutsche Kriegshand, werk zur Zeit der Reformation. Von Dr. F. W. Barthold, &c. (George Von Frundsberg; or, the Military Art in Germany at the Time of the Reformation. By Dr. F. W. Barthold, Extraordinary Professor of History in the University of Griefswalde.) Hamburg, 1833. 8vo.

At the time when the quarrels of the great European potentates ceased to be decided by the shock of feudal armies, when mercenaries began to form the main strength of royal forces, and the military art revived after ten centuries of barbarous warfare, three different regions became celebrated for the superior character and discipline of their infantry—Spain, Switzerland and Germany. Among these, the Spanish soldiery alone formed what may be strictly called a national force, for the Swiss pikes were avowedly at the service of the best bidder, until the alliances of the cantons finally attached them to the cause of France. Germany, on the other hand, a vast country, divided then as now between princes of different political sentiments, enlisted her sons with little scruple under the banners of the several powers of Europe. Nevertheless, her bravest leaders, and the most numerous masses of her infantry, were to be found in the Imperial camps, until the open attacks made by Charles V. against the reformed religion severed from his party the most industrious and active portions of his Teutonic subjects.

The rise of the Swiss infantry into fame and importance may be dated from the period of the battle of Morat; its decadence began after the battle of Pavia; so that the days of its glory hardly outlasted two generations of warriors. When first it became evident to military eyes that a resolute resistance on the part of the foot soldier was sufficient to repulse and throw into disorder the unwieldy cavalry of the Middle Ages, men ascribed this superiority not to a system of tactics which all might adopt with equal success, but to the personal qualities of the Alpine mountaineers. Certainly, in the narratives then current of their extraordinary feats of arms, there appeared some reason to justify the dread with which they were regarded by the people of the plains below them. Individually they possessed a strength and resolution which as far surpassed those of the overburthened *hommes d'armes* (who, says De la Noue, were generally crippled before they arrived at the age of thirty-five by the enormous weight of their defensive armour,) as of the peaceful weavers and agricultural serfs of France and Italy; and, considered as organized troops, they had substituted for the principle of individual honour, which actuated the feudal cavalier, those of national glory and regimental emulation. Formed in deep masses, and armed with lances and halberds sixteen feet in length, they exhibited the appearance and tactics of the ancient Macedonian phalanx. Their charge on level ground was nearly as impetuous as that of the mounted lancers, without the exhaustion and confusion which followed every exertion of consequence on the part of the latter, while their powers of resistance were far superior. Although the Swiss were too poor and too self-confident to adopt very rapidly the improvements which science was making in the art of war, they nevertheless increased their strength greatly by the introduction of fire-arms: those employing them were used chiefly as *tirailleurs*, advancing from the main body to fire, and returning into its ranks when pressed by cavalry. But the pike remained their favorite weapon. With this "queen of arms for the infantry," they opposed their phalanx to attacks from every quarter, cut through forces vastly superior in number, or faced and overthrew the batteries of hostile cannon, carrying their high minded contempt of death and danger to an extent which provoked the fear and admiration of those who affected to ridicule its unseasonable display.

The German infantry was first organized in order to counteract the power of these Helvetian mercenaries. The Emperor Maximilian, frequently engaged in war with his neighbours, found little military assistance from his nobility, who were almost independent of imperial authority, and constantly engaged in private feuds. The townsfolk of Brabant and Flanders strenuously resisted an authority which he had little power to enforce. His honest friends, the burgers of the free German cities, were of no great service in a warlike capacity. The men of Augsburg, in 1490, marched to battle two and two, like schoolboys. And when the council, aware of their deficiency, hired one George Krebs, a veteran cap-

tain, to give the townspeople a drilling, that leader performed his duty so mercilessly, that one of the chief merchants of the city died of apoplexy in the field—an event which by no means increased the popularity of the new regime. The Swiss found better bidders for their blood elsewhere, and their ancient ill-will towards the house of Hapsburg rendered them bad neighbours on their own account. Maximilian's first corps of infantry were therefore levied among the people of his own hereditary states, chiefly in Swabia. Divided from the Swiss only by the Rhine, and speaking a similar dialect, they were frequently confounded with them by foreigners, while their near vicinity only added bitterness to their mutual hatred. The Germans called them *Landsknechts*—country folk, men of the open country—in contra-distinction to the mountaineers—not *Lanzknechts*, or *Lancers*, as they are frequently termed by later writers.* They were likewise distinguished into *Oberlandisch* and *Niederlandisch*, according as their bands were recruited in Swabia and the Tyrol, or in the northern parts of Germany. Our author remarks, as a singular coincidence, that the year 1487, in which the first companies of this modern infantry were raised, was likewise that of the last general tournament in Germany—the last court as it were, of the dethroned goddess of chivalry. Maximilian did all he could to bring his new militia into fashion. On one occasion he marched into Cologne on foot, at the head of nine hundred princes and nobles, each shouldering a pike, in the dress of a common *Landsknecht*. Nor were his efforts without success, for these levies formed the first force in which nobles and plebeians enrolled themselves indifferently, and fought side by side with the same weapons—an instance of the same national good sense which made so large a portion of the German people the first to embrace, and the steadiest to defend, the doctrines of the Reformation.

The *Landsknechts*, from their superior habits of subordination to those of the Swiss, and from the greater facility of procuring the requisite number of them, soon became the favourite mercenaries in all the feuds of that quarrelsome age.

"This was the period," says Ranke, "in which the troops that supported Vansiliovitch when he led his Muscovites against Poland—which subjected Sweden to the Union—which, in England, fell in their ranks in the cause of York," (we presume he refers to Martin Swart's German auxiliaries, who fought for Perkin Warbeck)—"those which defended Brittany against the crown of France, and those which subdued it—the garrison as well as the besiegers of Naples—the conquerors and the saviours of Hungary—those who directed and decided the fate of war throughout the world—were alike Germans."

In Italy, however, the military writers of that epoch have generally confounded them with the Swiss; and none, except Machia-

* And as the ingenious author of the "Colloquies with Folard" persists in calling them. Protesting against his orthography, we take this opportunity of acknowledging the amusement and the great assistance which we have derived from his papers (printed in the *United Service Journal* in 1830* and 1831,) respecting the history of the Italian wars, which he appears to have studied with the zeal both of a soldier and an antiquary.

vel, have done justice to their peculiar merits. Few captains of distinction, and no generals, were formed in their ranks. Their lives were wasted in quarrels of no national interest, and while the great struggle between Valois and Hapsburg was carried on by dint of their pikes, the chieftains of France and Spain adorned themselves with the laurels of alternate victories, won and lost alike at the expense of Teutonic blood.

The manner in which these numerous corps of adventurers were raised was simple and expeditious enough. As soon as the emperor, or any other prince who was willing to pay for their services, gave a commission to some well known leader to raise a regiment, the latter proceeded to call volunteers together by tuck of drum in the towns and districts where his personal influence happened to be greatest. A regiment, strictly speaking, meant (as the name seems to imply) a body of men united under a sort of republican government—a marching commonwealth, subject for the time to a single colonel, (obrist,) and to the military articles which might be framed for its special guidance, and grounded on the ordinary custom of the country. It was not until a later period that the rules of war observed in the French, Imperial and other services were collected into bodies of law. In a military sense, the colonel rather answered to the general of brigade or of division in a modern army, or to the tribune of a legion in those of Rome, than to the officer who now bears the same title. His corps generally amounted at the commencement of a campaign to six or seven thousand men. It was composed of a certain number of "Fahnleins" (ensigns or companies,) each from four to six hundred strong, and commanded by a captain. A landsknecht only engaged to serve for the campaign. He came provided with arms, offensive and defensive; at least, with a buff coat or cuirass, a cut-and-thrust sword, pike or halberd. The amount of his pay depended in great measure on the state of his equipment, for a sort of rating, like that practised on board ships of war, was adopted among the privates of these regiments. The lowest pay received was four Rhenish guilders a month; and even this sum, allowing for the change in the value of money, was many times greater than the allowance of the wealthiest European states at the present day. Those who were provided with a back-piece, gorget, or shirt of mail, received a higher gratuity; the highest rated had double pay. The colonel received 400 guilders a month, besides the maintenance of his eight body-guards, secretary, interpreter, chaplain, and herald. Each company was supposed to contain fifty arquebusiers, but the actual number greatly varied. These also were highly paid. At the same time the pay of cavalry soldiers (where they did not serve on the footing of feudal array) appears to have varied from twelve to twenty-four guilders a month. It was customary, whenever a pitched battle was won, to consider the month as completed, and a new one began to run in favor of the soldier.

The colonel and captains, being as it were the founders of the regiment, chiefly exercised their own discretion in appointing officers; nevertheless, many of the inferior posts in the corps were filled by public election. The old German writers dwell with great delight and prolixity on the long muster-roll of officers and officials necessary to its complement, carrying within itself as it did the elements of civil and military government. Every captain was attended by his ensign, whose bounden duty was never to desert his colours: he had also his *Fourier*, or forage-master, and *Feld-weibel*, or exercise-master. The attendants of the colonel have been already noticed. There were also the *Schultheiss*, or civil judge, with his assistants, a sort of ambidextrous personage, *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, whose learned duties did not prevent him from drawing the sword on pressing emergencies; the *Quartermaster*, the *Proviant-meister* and the *Wachtmeister*; *Band-meister*, or burning master, who may almost be termed the chief purveyor of the troops, in an age when commissariats were unknown: his duty was to superintend the burning and plundering, which then formed no unimportant part of regimental economy. There was the fearful provost-marshal, with his *Stall-meister*, *Steckenknecht*, his *Freimann*, or executioner, and his ambulatory gallows—the dread and yet the delight of all “frommen Landsknechte,” who, like their peaceable countrymen, had a strange fondness for this great token of civilization. Charles V. himself never rode past a gibbet without taking off his hat as a sign of reverence. Finally, there was that singular personage, the *Hurenweibel*, whose very critical and difficult duties were fitly rewarded with the rank of a captain, and the attendance of a lieutenant and ensign: he took charge of all the lads and camp-servants, and more especially of all the woman-kind which followed the camp in various capacities. All these impediments were extremely numerous in a regiment of Landsknechts, who, poor as they were, paid great attention to their bodily comforts. In this respect they were contrasted equally with the penurious Spaniard, the hardy Swiss, and the careless Frenchman. Hence their acknowledged unfitness for the siege or defence of fortified places. Each of their camps resembled a moving town, in which every man loved to find as nearly as possible the conveniences of his home; and there was but too much ground for the reproach which Luther cast on their officers in his untranslatable language—“Sie konnten freilich nichts gegen den Erzfeind” (the Turk) “ausrichten, da sie immer ihre linden Federbetten unter den Hintern haben mussten.”

There was no small portion of prolixity and pedantry in the details of military as well as social life at that period, when the great art of modern days, that of effecting every object at the least possible cost of time and labour, seems to have been entirely unappreciated. Forms and observances were strictly adhered to in all countries, and not the least among the steady and considerate Germans. Every matter of public interest to the soldiery was conducted after a sort of dramatic fashion, with much ceremonial

solemnity. The rights of each individual were under his own protection where not defined by military law. Personal combat with the sword was the resource of the private, as well as of the officer, in vindication of his honour. Corporal punishment, the degrading custom which forms the very basis of the fabric of modern military despotism, was unknown among this proud soldiery; and although death was frequently and unsparingly inflicted for numerous offences, the life of no man was at the mercy of his superiors, by the rules of the service, although this restriction was, perhaps, frequently overstepped on an emergency. According to the original articles under which the regiment was convened, the criminal was either tried by twelve jurymen, under the direction of a Schultheiss, and condemned to the punishment of the sword; or, in regiments in which the pike-law (*das Recht der langen Spiesse*) prevailed, he was judged by the voice of the majority of his comrades, and compelled to throw himself on the lowered pikes of their battalion—a custom from which was derived our modern barbarism of “running the gauntlet.” But notwithstanding the pride and self importance of the individual soldier, and the occasional severity of the punishments by which he was restrained, the admirer of antiquity must confess that the character of the Landsknechts for discipline and sobriety did not stand high even in those unscrupulous days, although our professor strives hard to justify his countrymen against their accusers in this particular as well as others. Among the unfortunate inhabitants of Italy, (who could distinguish the nation of their oppressors as *Hudibras* judged of the wood of which cudgels were made, by the nature of the suffering they inflicted,) the “*Tedesca rabbia*” was hardly less dreaded than the wanton pride of France, and only deemed preferable to the cold-blooded, searching, remorseless cruelty of the Spaniard; whilst the character which these “pious companions” bore among their own countrymen may be partly learnt from one of *Hans Sach’s* most amusing *Schwänke*—“Saint Peter and the nine poor Landsknechts.” The warlike guests having been admitted into heaven by a mistake of the porter, immediately sit down to dice, and intermingle their sport with such cursing, vociferation and furious gestures, that the heavenly militia stand aghast, and are forced to get rid of their visitors by stratagem: they are induced to sally forth by an alarm sounded without the gates, which are then shut in their faces.

Thus far we have endeavored to give a cursory abridgment of our author’s amusing details respecting the constitution and government of these famous mercenary bands. Their military character is better known; nor is the professor qualified to impart much additional information on a subject which has employed so many able pens since the time of *Jovius* and *Guicciardini*. To say the truth, there appears to be little worthy of the observation of a modern tactician in the exploits of the infantry during the Italian wars, although considered as the earliest theatre of modern military science. If their superiority over cavalry began to be recognised,

it was rather owing to the prevalence of ancient habit in the mode of equipping and employing the latter arm, than to the perfection of the former. The great elements of the art, those which teach how to combine strength with rapidity of motion, were first re-discovered by Maurice of Nassau, after they had been lost amid the downfall of Roman civilization. Could a modern officer have beheld the motley masses of Landsknechts as they advanced to the charge, he would have been at a loss to conjecture the source of their high reputation.

"If we would form to ourselves a lively idea of the appearance of these adventurous companions, let us look at the amusing illuminated wood cuts with which Melchior Pfünzing, chaplain of St. Sebaldus, in Nuremberg, in the year 1517, caused his copy of *Theuerdank* to be skilfully ornamented. As we see them here in many plates, each man clothed and armed according to his humor or his circumstances, one with a morion, another with a close helmet, another with a hat, another with a cap and feathers; in cuirasses, gorgets, or buff coats; others with puffed jerkins, sometimes with the sleeves tight, sometimes loose and curiously slashed, their lower garments likewise exhibiting the most grotesque variety of cut, from the pompous swell of the trunk hose down to the tight riding pantaloons: each man girt, gathered, and shod just as appeared convenient or suited his fancy: their hair and beard trimmed in every different fashion: finally their weapons, such as every man had found hanging up in his father's workshop, or such as he had taken from the enemy: morris-pikes, long lances, shafts with variously shaped irons, halberds, partisans, morgensterns, mallets, swords, either the long cut and thrust, or the short broad Landsknecht sword, which for convenience was hung obliquely across the loins or the stomach: others again with shapeless arquebusses,* their powder flasks at their hips, as jailers carried their keys, and the ancient scribes their writing materials: let us imagine ten or fifteen thousand of these fellows thus strangely and fantastically equipped, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and armed with every sort of weapon which had been used for a thousand years in peasant wars and town riots: in front a tall warrior on horseback, cased in steel from head to foot, surrounded by his body-guards in still stranger array of jerkins and arms, with his dogs leaping around him: the ensigns with their lofty standards, themselves tricked out with chains of honour, in hose and jackets of the most flaunting fashion; the drummers with drums like wine casks, so large that they can scarcely drag them: behind these the 'helle Haufen' (main body,) an irregular mass of men singing and swearing as they march past out of all line and order: the serious, almost ghostlike figure of the Schultheiss, with his notaries and assistant judges: then the provost marshal, in a grotesque disguise, contrasting strangely with the terrible duties of his office: with him his Stockmeister, his jailers, and master Hammerling the executioner: lastly the corps of the honourable Hurenweibel and Rurormeister, courtesans, lads, and packs of yelping dogs, crowded together in inextricable confusion among the cars and tent-wagons: let us conceive a picture composed of these innumerable and motley figures, such as the pencil of some Callot should have transmitted to us, and

* Scott has described them among Lord Dacre's followers before Branksome, in a passage chiefly borrowed from Brantome:

Buff coats, all flounced and 'broider'd o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they marched, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

Their songs undoubtedly were those doleful and endless ballads of the siege of Pavia, the war of Smalkalde, &c. &c. of which our author has given abundant specimens.

we shall have bodily before our eyes the most important portion of those armies with which the Emperor Charles held the world in check, with which he conquered Francis at Pavia, the Turks in Hungary, &c. &c."—pp. 63, 64.

The contrast which they exhibited to the more regularly equipped soldiery of southern Europe was displeasing to the eyes of the observant Cæsar Grollier, who thus describes the appearance of the German part of "Bourbon's black banditti" when they entered Rome :

"Biretum ob magnitudinem male capiti cohærens, laxi calcei, laxæ caligæ, sed laxiores thoraces; ut nihil sit sane in gentis vestitu calceatuvæ quod spectantium oculos possit oblectare."

It must be observed, however, that the owners of these loose hose and cuirasses had just effected a winter march of seven or eight hundred miles under great privation and fatigue. The order of the Landsknechts consisted generally of a vanguard, called by the various names of *Enfans Perdus* (*der verlorne Haufen*) *Laufer*, *Avant coureurs*, &c.;—then came the main battle, (*der helle Haufen*), in square column, the pikes in the foremost ranks, followed occasionally by a third division or rear guard. But none of these bodies acted as a reserve : indeed, the system of reserves was entirely unknown to the defective strategy of those times. In battle, all the divisions drew up in line together as nearly as possible. The march was slow and heavy ; the time generally kept (according to our author in a passage which we do not very well understand) was three steps to five beats on their enormous drums. They had various customary solemnities in going into action ; they frequently fell on their knees, to repeat a prayer or hymn together : a more singular custom, common to both Swiss and Germans, which we have never seen explained, was that of throwing dust over their shoulders before they began the *melée*. The *arquebusiers*, armed with a weapon which seems nearly to have resembled the modern carbine, were drawn up on the wings, or thrown forward in detached platoons : the idea of arranging them between the rows of pikes, so as to combine in the same line the *arme blanche* and the fire-arms, seems to have been first adopted by the Marquis del Guasto at the battle of Cerisolles, the last of the great Italian fields, which thus forms a connecting link between those campaigns and the wars of the Netherlands, the second theatre of modern military skill. The difference between the Castilian and German infantry in action seems chiefly to have consisted in two points : that the favorite *armes blanches* of the former were sword and buckler, and their *arquebusiers* more numerous in proportion, and better exercised. Short as was the range of their weapon, and slight as its effect must have been, compared with that of the modern musket, it was occasionally used with terrible success ; especially at the battle of Pavia, where the steel-cased cavaliers of France were mowed down by the Spanish fire without the power of defending or extricating themselves. The musket seems to have replaced, at a later period, the "*hacquebuttes à croc*," a sort

of hand-guns carried about with the artillery of the army; it was first used in the Duke of Alva's troops, and with its introduction began that complicated and pedantic system of training which distinguished the wars of the Netherlands, which rendered armies still smaller, discipline still more important, and the individual soldado a person of still greater consequence than he had been before. The figures represented in the plates to Grose's *Military History* will give some idea of the unwieldy equipment of the foot soldier of that period. In the work of J. J. Wallhausen, colonel of the city of Dantzic, on military training, published in 1615, there are 143 motions for the musketeer, and 21 for the pikeman. The Landsknechts charged in masses, eight, twelve, or twenty deep; their only field exercises, says the author of the *Colloquies* above quoted, consisted in the "conversion of the simple rectangular mass into the square with horns, the cross, the crescent, the wing and the porcupine, and other fanciful devices." This phalanx formation, unmanageable as it was, resisted for a century all the lessons of experience. Even Machiavel, who had meditated so successfully on the principles of Roman warfare, draws up his imaginary legion twenty deep. "Thus," says the same writer, "a mass of 8000 men, twenty deep, would not occupy a greater front than a modern battalion of as many hundred; and an army of 30,000 men would not cover much more ground than a single modern brigade of two or three thousand." Hence it is easy to judge of the dreadful slaughter caused by the artillery, slowly wrought and ill managed as it was, among these serried bodies of men. The Landsknechts at Ravenna, and the Swiss at Marignano, remained passive under repeated discharges, which carried off whole files at a time, without an attempt to occupy a less exposed position. This was one cause among many of the sanguinary character which distinguished the few pitched battles of those campaigns. The soldier went into the *melée* with almost the literal alternative of death or victory before him, for his heavy accoutrements rendered flight almost impossible; and if the terrible "*mala guerra*" was declared, none of the defeated party could hope to ransom their lives, except such as might interest the cupidity of their captors in their behalf. The character of the artillery of those times does not properly come under discussion in a treatise on German military history, as the knowledge of its management was almost confined to French and Italians; the Landsknechts very seldom brought with them any pieces of greater calibre than their arquebuses.

It would ill become us to affect to judge of the relative amount of glory acquired by the various nations which met on adverse parts on the plains of Lombardy, especially as after three centuries the controversy seems to be still carried on by the descendants of their warriors. Our author asserts manfully the superiority of his countrymen, and complains, not without reason, of the injustice done them by contemporary writers. But the Swiss were, perhaps, more distinguished by feats of desperate valour, although their

headstrong insubordination diminished their value as allies. The Spaniards again were equally gallant in the field, far more active and intelligent on the march, and more enduring in extremities ; but their numbers were generally too small to have much influence on the result of a campaign. Perhaps the disunited Italians, who only fought for a choice of masters, have a right to as high a place in the calendar of military honour as their arrogant oppressors, either from the Alps or the Mediterranean.

We can sympathise at least with the national feeling which induces our author to claim the superiority for the infantry of his own country over their rivals, but we cannot go along with him in his endeavour to raise his compatriots still higher by the tone of depreciation which he adopts when speaking of the brave gendarmerie of France, with which they were so often brought in competition. As a mere military question, his estimate of their efficiency in the field is much too low. It is true that every improvement in tactics or in discipline was gradually throwing more into the shade the brilliant chivalry of earlier times ; although the ordonnances, or companies of lancers, still nominally formed the principal defence of the crown under Francis the First, men had already discovered that the true safety of the state lay in the arms of more ignoble protectors. The Swiss in his service used to hold themselves far superior to the followers of Bayard and Le Tremouille, even as Pescara's Spanish cuirassiers were derided by the common foot soldiers as they rode past in their stately and antiquated dignity. "*Quæ contumeliæ,*" says Paul Jovius, "*equitibus erant devorandæ, quum in accensis sclopetariorum funiculis jura belli posita esse viderentur.*" It is true, also, that on some occasions the men at arms hesitated to set their noble lives in jeopardy against the pikes of their plebeian opponents ; but more frequently they came to the charge with determined, and not always fruitless, courage. When they had firm ground for their heavy barbed Destriers, sufficient space to form their long line, and sixty paces of clear ground in front of them, their shock was as impetuous as that of the crusaders of old. At Ravenna they drove from the field the victorious bands of Pedro Navarra, and saved the Landsknechts themselves from destruction : at Marignano, although unable to break the order of the Swiss, they charged them with unremitting impetuosity, until the baffled mountaineers retreated in despair from the "combat of giants." The Italian wars were, indeed, the last theatre of feudal prowess, for at the close of them the cavalry laid down the lance with part of their defensive armour, and substituted for it, first, the pistol or carbine ; secondly, under the discipline of Maurice of Nassau, the sabre, now the distinguishing weapon of the horseman in all the armies of Europe.

But not content with demonstrating the supposed inutility of the heavy-armed cavalry in a military point of view, our author has omitted no opportunity of treating with contempt the feudal nobility of those times, and the laws of chivalry by which they professed to be directed. He seems to consider it incumbent on him, on

patriotic grounds, to refuse all honor to the knight, and attribute all merit to the plebeian foot soldier; and undoubtedly it is true that, from causes which deserve a better investigation than they have hitherto received, the great body of Nobles in Germany appear to have exhibited a lower tone of chivalric principle, and the people a higher moral character and superior physical comfort, than was the case in other countries where the feudal system prevailed. We do not mean that Germany did not abound in brave and honourable chieftains, as well as in the robber-castellans who infested her western provinces; but there was less of the poetical character in her knighthood, less of that ethereal exalted spirit, which was found among the nobility of France, Spain, and England. It is very easy to cast all manner of discredit on the high reputation to which the knights of those times aspired; to show the difference between the imaginary hero of romance and the actual gentleman of a feudal court or castle; and to prove that besotted arrogance, loose moral principles, ferocity, and even treacherous cunning, were not always held incompatible with the knightly character. It is true, also, that the law of honour is but an indifferent substitute, in private conduct, for the higher sanctions of morality; and that, as a public principle, it may be less conducive to the welfare of nations than the rules of popular expediency which states now profess to adopt. But it remains an irrefragable conclusion from history, notwithstanding all deductions which are to be made from the ideal excellence ascribed to it in romance, that the point of honour of the middle ages is one of the chief elements of the development of modern civilization. Through ages of great vicissitude, through alternate periods of barbarism and refinement, it has remained the distinctive badge of the higher classes of society; their principal incitement to good, their chief defence against temptation; however multiform in aspect, we can trace its identity under all the motley costumes of modern Europe; we detect it alike under the shaggy mantle of the Lombard Arimannus, under the chain-mail of the Norman, and under the panoply of the man-at-arms; and had its received laws been reduced into a code at each of the periods which those personages represent, they would probably be found to correspond in a nearer degree than is generally imagined with those rules which the world imposes on the gentleman of the present day. It has been during all that time one great constituent of our social being, nearly coeval, we may almost say collateral, with Christianity itself, and deriving therefrom whatever it has of excellence. And notwithstanding all that modern philosophy may teach us, (serviceable as it has been in moderating the wild idolatry formerly paid to this bastard virtue,) the actions and sentiments which it inspires will still remain the objects of popular admiration and sympathy. Our author bitterly complains of the little honour which has been paid by historians to the exploits of his countrymen in the wars of which we are treating. Is not this neglect obviously occasioned by the absence of all romantic brilliancy from their ranks; their deficiency in those

qualities which are the salt of the modern world? Thus no distinguished commanders arose among their soldiers; no men fitted in any way to controul or quiet the spirit of an age so susceptible of chivalrous impulses. They served, fought, and died, in a cause to which no sense or principle of honour attached them. Frundsberg has been called the German Bayard; a comparison, of which our author himself admits the extreme absurdity; yet he claims, and not without reason, the superiority for his hero in some particulars, for he seems to have possessed greater judgment and steadiness of character, and to have exhibited a better specimen of that compound of mildness, honesty and resolution, which the expressive old German dialect designated by the name of *Biederkeit*. Why then, with all these good qualities, and far higher military deserts than his rival, is Frundsberg forgotten, while the name of Bayard finds an echo wherever the spirit of chivalry has penetrated? Simply because the knight of Dauphine, notwithstanding his many faults, still presents the closest copy of that ideal character which is the object of so much worship, and because his recorded sayings and actions are as many summaries of the duties inculcated by that worldly law which governs so large a part of the community. And, if that historian adopts a false estimate of the past, who neglects or depreciates a principle which has been so widely recognised throughout the history of Christendom, we are inclined to think that the moral philosopher who adopts a similar line of sentiment does not take a much sounder view of the present or the future. It appears to us, that the spread of education and intelligence, in tending to assimilate the several orders of society, is much more likely to propagate this popular principle among classes which are at present little influenced by it, than to extinguish it among its present professors; for it is the child of training and imitation; and if increasing knowledge teaches the poorer members of society to follow the example of the wealthier in external conduct, and even to ape their follies and extravagances, it is surely to be expected that it will also render them disposed to submit to that arbitrary rule of action which the acquiescence of so many centuries has established among us. Those who imagine that modern education is to evolve some new code of morality, or to add some undiscovered sanction to virtue, will of course dissent from these observations, which presume that its primary effect, at least, will rather be to spread over a wider surface the peculiar colour and tincture which now mark out a certain section of the community.

It is on these grounds that we are disposed greatly to regret the tone which prevails throughout the writings of one whom we cannot but regard as the most useful historical writer of the present day; we mean M. de Sismondi, the last volume of whose *Histoire des Français* embraces the same period with the volume before us. In his mind, democratic predilections, and a thorough hatred of the upper classes of society considered as governors, appear to have strengthened with years, and his enthusiasm, (if a sentiment which displays itself almost wholly in vituperation can be so call-

ed,) accompanies him still more uniformly in his progress through the annals of monarchical France than in his youthful labors on republican Italy. No one, we imagine, can accuse him of wilful misrepresentation of facts; and his strong critical judgment renders him little liable to the danger of exaggerating them. Yet the general effect of his narrative is any thing rather than just and impartial: he has abandoned, we think, the true moral vocation of an historian: which is to impregnate the minds of his readers with the principles and feelings of past ages, in order that they may institute a comparison between those worn-out motives of action and such as now prevail, and learn wisdom from the contrast; not to judge of past *actions* by the laws of modern *opinion*, keeping out of view the dominant ideas under whose influence such actions were performed; a process which reverses the true course of philosophical reasoning, and can have no result except that of strengthening an already overweening prejudice in favor of the wisdom of the present day. No wonder, therefore, if in his pages all kings are worthless and inconstant, all nobles tyrannical, all serfs oppressed and brutalised; if he seems absolutely to deny the existence of virtue itself, except occasionally within the walls of some Italian city, and there only in the ranks of that faction which, at the juncture he is writing of, happened to be called the popular party. He views history, not as a citizen of the varying world which he describes, but from a point *ab extra*, as an utilitarian burgher of Geneva.— But while we agree with him, and with our professor, in acknowledging the great modern principle both of military and civil action, which are coeval with the Reformation, we do not partake in the feelings which cannot sympathise with the last inheritors of feudal enterprise, vainly sacrificing their lives around the persons of their monarchs, on the hill side of Flodden, or in the park of Mirabello.

SPANISH NAVY.

The Spanish Navy is at present composed of the following ships:—Three of the line, of which two are seventy-fours, and one an 80 gun ship; four frigates, two are of 50, and the others of 40 guns; three sloops, of which two are of 34, and one of 22 guns; seven brigs, of which three are of 22 guns, one of 20, one of 16, one of 14, and one of 5 guns; one schooner-rigged brig, and seven schooners of from 16 to 5 guns. Spain has three arsenals or military ports, all of which are in excellent condition, namely, Carraza, in Andalusia; Carthagena, in Murcia; and Ferrol, in Galicia. The total number of officers, of all ranks, is 615; and among them are many that are superannuated and unfit for service.

GET PROMOTION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAJOR WOLVERTON AND BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANT ALFRED PEMBROKE.

Maj. Wolverton.—Well met, my young friend! I have been looking for a visit from you ever since you were graduated. When did you leave West Point?

Lieut. Pembroke.—Soon after the examination in July, and have since been enjoying a few months' leave with my father's family; besides visiting several of my army friends at their garrisons, on my route.

Maj. Wolverton.—And your father—I hope he is well!—one of my ancient and most valued friends!

Lieut. Pembroke.—Quite well, I thank you, Major. He desired me to see you, promptly, on my arrival in New York, and to present his most cordial regards.

Maj. Wolverton.—You are just come to the city, then. And what says your father of your future prospects in life? This would seem to be a critical period of your destiny, and must naturally excite much anxiety in his breast, if not in your own.

Lieut. Pembroke.—Yes, Major, he feels an intense interest in the question, but leaves much to my own predilections, whether to continue in the army, or adopt some other profession.

Maj. Wolverton.—And what is your own decision?

Lieut. Pembroke.—I am far from decided. I feel disposed to inquire very freely, and deliberate maturely, before I abandon a commission which seems, certainly, to be a valuable possession on many accounts;—a charter of a highly honorable calling, and a free passport to the best circles of society.

Maj. Wolverton.—Yes; now that the service is so reputably sustained by the high worth of our officers generally, and (as a natural consequence,) by the good will and respect of the community; there are many things in an army commission not only to allure the fancy, but to fix the mind, of a young man in favor of military life. Yet, with all my own original enthusiasm, and my subsequent ingrafted habits, wedding me almost irrevocably to the army, I should be slow to recommend it to any young friend of mine who possessed talents, enterprise and industry, sufficient to guaranty his success in civil pursuits.

Lieut. Pembroke.—But Major, where is your objection? If army rank confers a corresponding distinction in the scale of civil society, this is so much gained, certainly, in the great race of life. Is not the commission also a bond of alliance with the government, opening to us a more definite relation with public affairs and public men—enlarging our horizon of events and things in which we become interested, and, therefore, offering a wider scope than any in the precincts of private life, for an aspiring spirit?

Maj. Wolverton.—A commission is, unquestionably, a letter of introduction to the envied circles of polite society, but it requires much more than the "premier pas," to sustain one's self there. The official garb is, indeed, *prima facie* evidence of the gentleman and the scholar, but without polished manners, refined sentiments, elegant conversation and a cultivated mind, the votary of the saloon will soon find but little support from his military letter-patent of gentility. As to an individual's official connexion with government, this may occasionally prove a matter of some factitious importance even in this country, but less so by far than in European society. Under certain circumstances, also, an officer may sometimes find himself engaged in duties of great public utility and importance, sufficient, perhaps, to call forth his most energetic powers; but such cases are rare, (we speak now only of times of peace,) and are not to be taken as our standard of judgment, while we are passing in review the practical uses and hopes of our profession. No;—this is a country where the civic virtues are in highest estimation, and civil pursuits the most surely promotive of success and distinction in life. War, with us, instead of being a frequent or common condition of the times, is but an anomaly—a mere exception to the prevailing state of things; and if you embrace the military profession, you must do so with a full appreciation of this fact. Still, war is the contingency on which is based the whole fabric of our military establishment; but, as two charges of electric fluid of a kindred nature repel and not attract each other, so it is our policy to promote the relation of avoidance and not association; for, war can never be more surely forefended than by preserving the military establishment in its full vigor and efficiency. So long, therefore, as our countrymen are wise, the army, as a National Institution, will always be preserved on a sure and liberal footing. You may consequently enter the service with a very fair assurance of the permanency of your situation, as there is much less reason to apprehend disbandment than to hope for increase. But I fear I am tiring you with my prosing.

Lieut. Pembroke.—By no means, sir. It was my special wish, in waiting on you to-day, to be favored with your views upon the very points on which you have touched. I am well aware that in this country, the path to political distinction is the only road to substantial greatness and power, and that this path leads only through the civic employments of life. But I feel a stirring spirit of martial ambition within me, and would fain pursue a military life, even through a season of peace, if I could but be assured of such a degree of useful service as would give some scope to emulation, and some employment to the intellect. I would then *take my chances* for distinction.

Maj. Wolverton.—You speak, Alfred, with the over sanguine fervor of youth and inexperience. You remind me of the eager hopes and the bright day-dreams which filled my own brain, in times long past. I now recollect one incident, in particular, which left a firm impression on my mind, though at the moment I did not

fully comprehend the lesson it conveyed. On leaving B——, a beautiful village of New Jersey, to enter, for the first time, on military service, I received from a sensible maiden lady, the sister of an army officer of rank, among other parting benedictions, this good wish—"May you meet with speedy promotion!" Promotion! thought I,—my Lieutenancy sits now upon me like a new garment—fresh and recent, and exuberant as it is of the very fullness of satisfaction! What do I want of promotion? Why does she not wish me pleasant journeys—influential friends—scientific triumphs, or success among the belles! But I have since discovered how much wiser was the amiable spinster than the self-sufficient neophyte. The experience of travel, the treasures of science, the boast of great acquaintances, or the pride of place in fashion's clique, are all of little account in the great race of military preferment. You see me now, Alfred, a Major of artillery! (and this is something to be sure,) but, look at these gray hairs!!

Lieut. Pembroke.—It is indeed, sir, a melancholy truth, that promotion is deplorably slow in the army, and this thought is almost enough to discourage the most sanguine. But are there not exceptions to this? Congress sometimes enlarges certain departments of the army, and in such an event, I should suppose that the new appointments would be made on sound and satisfactory principles. I have understood that in the instance of the two new corps lately organised, the places were filled by selection, and that merit was the rule of choice.

Maj. Wolverton.—Yes; I think I have heard that merit was the professed principle of selection in the formation of the new corps of ordnance and dragoons; but with what degree of discernment or consistency that principle was carried out into practice, it becomes not me to pronounce. You know it would be invidious to particularize, and without specifying instances, no general denunciation could be supported by a resort to proof. I have heard a very general murmur of disapprobation, however, among my juniors, relative to the formation of those new corps, especially the ordnance; and chiefly so because the opportunity then offered for effecting a large benefit to the army on the score of promotion, was entirely neglected by those in authority, and high offices were filled by favored juniors, to the signal prejudice of many, possessing *equal* merit, to say the least, and far greater claims from length of service and professional experience. Thus, you perceive, that even by the eventful occurrence of original vacancies, the chances of promotion, even for the *veterans* of the junior grades, are but slightly increased.

Lieut. Pembroke.—Yet, after all, Major, why this nervous longing after promotion? If personal talents and accomplishments ensure respectability and esteem, it seems to be idle to lay so much stress upon mere official rank. What is rank but an artificial distinction, a mere title of ceremonial precedence, which, however coveted and valued by the soldier, may be held in very qualified estimation by the citizen?

Maj. Wolverton.—Ah, ha! now you are talking like a philosopher, and have forgotten your sword and your chevron. If as a philosopher I must answer you, I will reply, readily, that you reason well. Military rank, in the abstract, is indeed factitious, and its value only conventional; but every thing in this practical life of ours is relative, and he who runs a tilt for an abstraction will soon find that he has only phantoms to contend withal. And what is civil rank, if viewed in the same philosophic light, but a nonentity? In most cases, the mere offspring of caprice, whether of fortune or of fashion, it lives and moves and has its being in conventional opinion. Yet what worshipped idol of the human heart receives more incense? What aim—what point of man's or woman's ambition is so invariable and so concentrated as this of social rank—caste—standing-in-society, or call it what you will?—and military rank is assuredly not less substantive than civil, but on the contrary, is endued with the superadded advantages of sterling prerogative and power. Diogenes was as great, enveloped in his tub and his conceit, as Alexander in his panoply; and the poor Christian martyr, greater perhaps than his imperial persecutor; but before we argue a point like this, it will be always necessary to commence with definitions, and agree upon the sense in which we are to receive principles we build upon.

Lieut. Pembroke.—You say truly, sir;—but I confess I am sufficiently worldly to prefer the emperor to the philosopher, though, if posthumous fame were my principal object, this preference would not argue much wisdom on my part. But to the point. You know the army, Major—have had much experience in its ways; what line of service shall I seek, the best to insure success and distinction in the profession?

Maj. Wolverton.—You are in the artillery, and therefore have but a gloomy prospect on your regimental list. In the infantry your chances for advancement would have been much better; but situated as you are, choose topographical service for a while; that will refresh your mathematics—give you fine opportunities for travel, and many privileges of mingling with city society, which you may improve to advantage. Take ordnance service—recruiting—every thing if you can; for in every branch you will learn something. But above all—above and beyond all—get promotion!

Lieut. Pembroke.—But, how, sir?

Maj. Wolverton.—Make a campaign at Washington. Make one, two, a dozen campaigns at Washington, especially if there should be an army bill pending before Congress. Then make your face familiar among the authorities, and bring to bear all the Congressional influence you can muster. Play the courtier—play the braggart, the bully, any thing to make an impression. No matter where you may happen to be at the time, even if beyond the farthest boundary of the West, when you hear of the bill, hurry on to Washington; plead furlough, sickness, any thing to remain at court till its consummation. Tactics like this have proved, and

may prove again, more effectual than any intrinsic merit of your own, moral or mental.

Lieut. Pembroke.—But, Major, in this plain Republic of ours, and in this early day of it, can it be possible that offices are to be obtained by the influence of favoritism and court intrigue? I thought we could place more dependence on the purity of our institutions.

Maj. Wolverton.—I admire your single-heartedness, Alfred, but I recommend you to put on more sophistication as soon as possible, or you will not get credit among the worldlings for a tithe of the sense you have. Our political institutions are modelled, it is true, on pure principles, and are generally framed with a special aim to counteract the notorious frailties of the human heart; but however perfect the laws may be, the administration of them, as you know, must ever be confided to very imperfect instruments. Man is the same animal every where; and if you launch your bark on the tide of human affairs, you must trim your sails according to the elements you have to deal with. If, however, it be your taste to play the ethical philosopher, the sooner you quit public life the better. These are harsh observations, Alfred, and I regret I cannot qualify them. But you know you have not asked me how you may arrive at happiness—but how you may most speedily attain to rank.

Lieut. Pembroke.—Assuredly, Major, I shall do you the justice to remember the line of distinction you draw. But the government does sometimes profess, I believe, to make appointments by the rule of equity; and in such cases I should suppose that selections would be made from the army at large, however remotely stationed the candidates might be; indeed, the more remote, the more entitled to consideration. Some allowance too, ought to be made for those on whom the task of selection devolves; for it is an arduous and a thankless one, since many must be disappointed where few are gratified. Now, to be as liberal as we can towards the authorities, were not the late appointments made with tolerable judgment, and did not the department, by instituting a board of officers for that purpose, adopt the best plan in its power to insure good selections? And if it happened that the fortunate candidates were found in and about Washington, might it not have been that less talent and ability were manifested at the remote stations than near head-quarters?

Maj. Wolverton.—But did they search?—did they make inquiries? A “board of appointment” too!—of all expedients the most weak and exceptionable! Yet it was a shrewd plan to drown all censure, by merging and dissipating all responsibility. But enough. I promised myself not to discuss this point. In spite of your favorite theories of political perfection, always bear in mind, my young friend, that man is the most peccable of God’s creatures. If the world is to be “your oyster,” and you, “with sword” or wit, “will open it,” I say to you again,—study Cardinal de Retz,—make the campaign of Washington;—GET PROMOTION!

MILITARY MEDICAL SERVICE.

In reading an extract from the "United Service Gazette," respecting the Military Medical Corps, contained in the October number of the "Magazine," I was struck with the force of the remarks and their applicability to our own service; indeed, the extent to which they apply is greater among us, than among European nations. This is somewhat remarkable, from the fact of our existence not being so military in its character: the genius of our country looking rather to the fostering of science and literature.

The harmonious action of any machine requires that the smallest wheel should be as perfect in its structure, and as nice in its adaptation as the largest; but it is too often the case, that prominent and conspicuous points attract attention, to the neglect of others, less striking, though equally essential, to the well being of the whole. The aids of medicine and surgery to military efficiency, will not, in this age, be denied. The proudest vessel borne on the bosom of the ocean, equipped with every warlike agent, becomes a weak and powerless object of commiseration, when abandoned, without remedy or succour, to the deadly influence of pestilence, palsyng the arms, oppressing the hearts of her gallant crew, and annihilating the spirit which should give voice to her thunder, and breathe destruction upon her enemies. A single action—a single shot—might forever rob his country of a hero, who, by timely aid, would, again and again, earn glory for her, and fame for himself. The necessity of such aids being so apparent, the propriety of encouraging the medical department into full vigor and usefulness, ought to be equally evident; but here, effort seems to have slumbered; it has been satisfied with merely providing such means for the service, and cared but little for their progression and character; offering them no inducements to keep pace with the same departments of civil life, although, over these, it has an immense advantage in the choice of *material*, through the medium of rigid, impartial, and disinterested examinations; here, as military medical service is now organized, the advantage ceases. Those stimuli are wanting, which should warm the mind when the charms of novelty, and the aspirings of youthful ambition, have subsided, and which, in every walk of life, are found necessary to urge human nature to continued and laborious exertion. Their absence from military, where the obstacles to literary and scientific pursuits are greater than in civil life, is rather a reward to negligence and inactivity.

From the construction of society generally, the intrinsic character of every profession establishes its rank and respectability; and hence that of medicine takes justly a high stand; but in military service such things are more subject to arbitrary form and regula-

tion. Independent of its claim, there are many reasons of policy for applying such means to give an elevated station to the Medical Corps.

The duties of the military surgeon are not confined to prescribing and administering remedies for diseases as they arise, but it becomes his peculiar charge, closely to observe, and diligently to investigate, all those subtle, moral and physical agents of disease, to which soldiers and sailors are so often exposed, without the means of avoiding, and by the application of the means proper to obviate or destroy them, to preserve the health and efficiency of his charge. His responsibilities are of the highest character, demanding every aid and encouragement for their performance; and the ability to discharge them should in every instance be secured. In relation to this subject it should also be recollected, that to depress any pursuit is the most certain method of retarding its progress, and diminishing its usefulness.

The usages of the Naval service towards the junior medical officers, are particularly impolitic, injudicious, and even unjust. They are first required to possess the highest professional acquirements; and then, for a course of years, are often placed in such relations as are inconsistent with their age, education, and the character of their profession; forbidding them not only the means of advancing in it, but even of retaining the progress already made. By thus diminishing their self respect, the tendency, and I have no doubt the result, is often to destroy professional pride and enthusiasm, at a period of life when such emotions are productive of the richest fruits. Thus the injury is eventually reflected upon those for whose preservation the corps was instituted. Such usages were engendered in a spirit behind that of the present age, and are not sustained by the general character of the Navy, the officers of which are found, in proportion to their own intelligence and information, to award that rank to their medical associates that the intrinsic dignity of their profession claims, but which is improperly left to be a spontaneous and arbitrary award. This, however, in some degree, obviates the full measure of the evil, though it does not universally prevent it, as is often deplorably evidenced. When the medical officer shall have gone through the inferior grade of his profession, and arrived at full rank, what is the prospect before him? It is that of reaching, in the decline of life, and after many years of service, no matter how arduous and useful, a compensation which is but a bare competence, and less than the income of every young practitioner of ordinary success. How different the prospect of his more warlike brother: increasing honors come with increasing years; and he knows not at what hour loud-tongued Fame may give his name to the world, record it on monuments, or wed it to that of his country.

The charge, arrangement, and direction of the Naval Medical Corps must, of course, come under the supervision of the presiding officer of the Navy; but it has an independent and professional existence, whose good requires a professional head. I would

suggest that this head should exist in the form of a Board, to which there shall be responsibility, and which shall take into consideration suggestions and impediments of a professional character. Experience has made the necessity of such an arrangement so evident to the Department, that the subject has been repeatedly urged upon the attention of Congress without success. At length the Department has, by regulation, in some measure remedied the defect. Heretofore, the want of such a point of professional reference and immediate responsibility has retarded the advancement of the Medical Corps. The great body of the Navy has floated on "the full tide of successful experiment," under the guidance of able helmsmen, whilst its medical appendage has been left to the influence of every counter-current and rippling eddy.

I have but hastily glanced at these various considerations, in the hope that they may be taken up by some one more capable of attracting towards them the attention of the proper authorities. They are the interest of every individual in military service, who values life and health, either for their own worth, or as the property of their country; and surely they are deserving the attention of that government which has under its control a scientific body, that, if encouraged to cultivate the extensive field of observation opened before it, would give its country cause to boast of a professional eminence, proportioned to the glory of her arms.

LARRY.

HOPES AND FEARS:

OR

SOUTHERN CROSS.

As on the deck in loneliness I trod,
 Musing intently on the pow'r of God,
 A shooting star, my transient vision caught,
 And to my mind convey'd th' appalling thought,
 The world's extinction.

Th' effulgent Cross, in its revolving sphere,
 Arrested doubts, which found a refuge *there*;
 Beaming in mildness, as it seem'd to give
 His great behest—Man's soul shall live
 'Mid annihilation!

W. C. B.

THE NAVY.

The importance of the navy, for offensive and defensive purposes in war, is now so well established in public opinion, that whatever may affect its usefulness becomes an object of general interest. That its efficiency will depend chiefly upon the qualifications of the officers by which it is to be directed, no one, it is presumed, will deny.

As the main object of the maintenance and employment of the Navy in time of peace, is to secure the requisite number of qualified officers for a state of war, it follows that its organization and employment in peace should be regulated to secure the main object proposed. The first step then is to ascertain the nature and extent of the naval force which would probably be employed in a period of war.

This force may be limited by the extent necessary to accomplish the objects which may be proposed; by the financial resources of the country, or by the number of seamen which can be obtained.

In such wars as we are most likely to be involved, it would seem to be the best policy, to employ at the earliest moment, all the naval force which could be manned and maintained; and as the ability of the country to support the expense of any force which can be manned, is beyond a doubt, the number of seamen which could be readily obtained may be assumed as the basis of our war establishment.

The number of seamen employed in the navy and merchant service are estimated at eighty thousand. The probable interruptions to commerce by a serious maritime war, and the inducements which might be offered to the seamen, could secure for the Navy at least twenty thousand, which might be increased by marines and landsmen to a total of twenty-five thousand.

The number and classes of officers necessary for the proper command and direction of this force, would be modified in some degree, by the classes of the vessels which might be employed.

Having due regard to the classes of vessels already provided, or for which preparation is made, and to the probable offensive and defensive measures in war, it may be sufficient for the present purpose to assume, as a force which might be readily prepared and usefully employed, the following numbers and classes:—twelve ships of the line, thirty frigates, thirty sloops of war, thirty steam vessels, and ten schooners for despatch vessels.

The employment of such a force, and the necessary shore establishments of navy yards, recruiting stations, casualties, &c., would require sixty-six captains, seventy masters commandant, six hundred lieutenants, one hundred and fifty masters, or acting midshipmen to perform their duties, one hundred surgeons, one hundred and ninety assistant surgeons, and one hundred and

twenty pursers. Ten flag officers will be necessary, and the following ranks and distinction are proposed:—one admiral, three vice-admirals, six rear-admirals.

Having thus considered the probable necessary organization for a period of war, let the existing organization be examined, to determine whether any, and if any, what changes are necessary or expedient for securing the number of officers which a state of war will require.

In the present organization there are no flag officers. It is presumed that no difference of opinion can exist as to the necessity for these officers in a future war, and as the leading object of the peace organization, is to prepare a system which shall require no *change*, but merely *extension*, in such an event, sound policy seems to require their appointment in time of peace. Let it be assumed then that they shall consist of one vice-admiral and three rear-admirals. Upon this assumption, and supposing the present number of captains to be kept at thirty-seven, the promotions from this class, to complete the flag officers, would reduce their number to thirty-three. This would perhaps be sufficient, but it is believed that an increase of the present number to forty would bear a better proportion to the numbers in the subordinate classes. The number left after the promotion would then be thirty-six, and as sixty six are required for the war establishment, thirty masters commandant would be required to complete the number. With the present number of these officers, which is forty-one, but eleven would be left on the list; it is proposed therefore to increase them to forty-five, which would leave fifteen. As seventy would be required, fifty-five promotions would be required from the lieutenants; this number deducted from the two hundred and fifty-one now on the list, would leave one hundred and ninety-six; requiring four hundred and four promotions from the passed midshipmen, or those entitled to examination. As this number could not be furnished from that class, it is proposed to establish the maximum number of lieutenants in peace at three hundred and fifty, which would reduce the necessary promotions from midshipmen to about three hundred, a number which the present establishment of four hundred and fifty could probably supply, particularly if all the duties of master in vessels should, during peace, be assigned to passed midshipmen—a course which is strongly recommended.

As the qualifications of surgeons, assistant-surgeons, pursers and chaplains, are not acquired by, nor materially dependent upon, sea service, the determination of their numbers may be modified in some degree by those facts;—some slight extension of the present numbers is however advisable. It is therefore proposed to fix the number of surgeons at forty-five, of assistant surgeons at sixty, of pursers at forty-five, and of chaplains at twelve. By this proposed organization the present number of all the above classes of officers would be increased by one hundred and thirty-three.

The employment of one ship of the line, seven frigates, fifteen sloops, five schooners and three steam vessels, with the numbers

necessary for the navy yards and other shore duties, would give active employment to about two-thirds of the officers proposed, leaving one-third to supply the necessary reliefs, and to meet unexpected demands.

This amount of force would be barely sufficient to furnish small squadrons for the protection of our commerce in the Mediterranean, Indian Ocean, on the East coast of South America, in the Pacific Ocean, in the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, and to keep two or three vessels on our Atlantic coasts for any sudden emergency. If these suggestions should be deemed worthy of attention, they may perhaps be followed by others in relation to the organization of the *Department*, and its means of performing the various and highly important duties confided to its charge.

C.

THE MILITARY LIFE OF BENJAMIN BASTION,

LATE OF THE ARMY.

LETTER III.

I went to breakfast, with an appetite sharpened by the free mountain air, and the neatness of the table and the humor of the host were additional incentives. I felt a happy glow of pride in the institutions of my country, and contentment in the lot which had placed me in the enjoyment of their advantages. There were several officers of high rank in the army present, members of a Board appointed to revise the tactics.

"You were unlucky last night, General," said a veteran with a patch over his eye and an honorable scar extending nearly the whole length of the face, "you were unlucky in that charge you made with your two Knights. The Colonel kept himself snug behind his first lines and gave you a hearty reception. That's a fine dashing game of yours, but while it may bear all before it and break up the adversary so as to secure the victory, it is almost sure to fail when attempted upon a cool and experienced old soldier. You were defeated"——

"I beg your pardon Colonel, you're a little too fast. I was not defeated, since I won the game. It is no disadvantage to find unforeseen obstacles springing up, provided the first movements have been made *with a view* to the point to be gained. We might fight a battle while sitting at our breakfast, if nothing were required but the numbers and the ground—no other circumstance occurring—no other element entering into the calculation—all would be over in a few moments—so many guns fired—so many steps of ninety in a

minute taken, and the victory decided and nothing more said about it."

"But if you always play the same game, it will be found out, and a means of checking you discovered, as was the case with the Emperor when he first threw his squadrons upon John Bull, and for the first time saw them repulsed with such dreadful slaughter."

"I grant you—but the *moral effect* is altogether on the side of the assailant; the very motion which inspires him with increased courage, tends to dispirit his enemy who awaits his threatening demonstration; or if the attack come upon him unexpectedly, then you add confusion and may conquer a largely superior force."

"That may be true of Americans and Frenchmen, but the English, the Dutch and even the Russians are not so easily overcome when on the defensive; they make a most obstinate and dogged resistance, particularly with full bellies, and pipes in their mouths—that condition of body being at the same time very unfavorable to locomotion. The Grecians are represented as "snatching a short repast," and they were prototypes of the French. The future Homers will sing thus of our countrymen; but of the English, their bards shall write

"Now had the British gorged a mighty dinner," &c.

"Two pounds of beef a-piece, as I'm a sinner," added Mr. C. from the head of the table, "to say nothing of bread and beer in proportion, ha, ha! General, if you are not otherwise engaged, I shall be happy to be beaten by you at a game of chess."

A servant came in to inform me that an *Orderly* at the door, inquired for Cadet Bastion, and I immediately went to see what an *Orderly* was, and what might be the chance of visiting the Superintendent that morning, as I had letters to deliver him. At the door stood a soldier, or bombardier, as the Company of Artillery stationed at the Post were still called, in a sort of military *full un-dress*, having the uniform coat, cap and trowsers, with one belt and without arms except a bayonet. He raised his hand very precisely to his cap, saying that Colonel T—— wished to see me. I felt this to be a command, not only to be obeyed, but admitting of no delay. It was the first stretching out of the strong arm of power to order my movements, and I mechanically followed the precise looking messenger to Head Quarters. I was shown into a library or office, hung round with maps and drawings, and shelves filled with books. At a table, covered with pamphlets and papers, sat a middle-aged man, engaged in writing. He immediately laid aside his pen, as I presented myself, and rose to meet me. I was favorably impressed with his dignified yet affable manner. There was a mixture of courtesy and plainness that always accompanies a consciousness of the respect due to an elevated station, and is the sure index of an intelligent, liberal mind. He was rather above the common height—of a full figure, but not corpulent. The head, as a phrenologist would describe it, indicated great intellectual development and a finely organized brain. The brow and eye were very expressive—the latter, as he spoke, particularly so. The mouth displayed the

qualities of energy, decision and command ; occasionally relaxing into an expression of great benevolence and good humor. The whole was replete with character, such as would arrest attention in a crowd. He was somewhat pale, and the mixture of gray hairs told of suffering from disease, and perhaps from too much confinement and application to his duties and to study. His dress was appropriate and one which he constantly wore. A plain blue frock coat of a military cut, and having the engineer device upon the button—a fortress and a rising sun ; blue pantaloons, a white vest and black stock ; the bosom of the shirt adorned with ruffles after the mode of the old school. The studied neatness of his appearance was only exceeded by that nicety which was a distinguishing characteristic of his command. At the time of which I speak, Colonel T. had been Superintendent of the Military Academy several years—long enough to have introduced a beautiful system of discipline and order, by which the Institution has been rendered a public benefit in a military and social point of view. He came to it rich in the experience acquired in other countries of their systems of civil and military education. He found it blighted, even its early youth threatened with premature decay, brought on by neglect. He gradually, with steady hand and unshrinking nerve, applied the wholesome caustic to the diseased parts ; and although the writhings of its sturdy limbs beneath the smarting of the application, and its convulsive efforts to resist and escape from its physician, might have scared away an empiric, or carried discouragement and doubt to the heart of the timid practitioner ; still was he not dismayed, nor relaxed he in his exertions to effect a radical cure. With what success this treatment has been attended, let its present healthy condition [1832] testify. This excellent officer has acquired an honest fame in the applause and gratitude of his country, and his brevet was fairly won and worn with honor. May he be as distinguished in another career ; and when among the future heroes of the Republic, some of those shall be numbered, who received their first principles of science and good order under his manly guidance, one little leaf from their laurels shall be added to those that adorn his brow.

After the usual inquiries of the health of my relations, and expressing particularly a hope that Miss Ravelin was well, the Superintendent informed me that I was to be examined for admission that afternoon, and recommended me to employ the mean time in looking over some of the requisites. He likewise directed me to remove to Mr. Scheldt's room and be ready when called on in the afternoon. He made a slight inclination of the body, and perceiving *its meaning*, I departed without further question, and having had my trunk removed to the barracks, soon fell to studying vulgar fractions.

Four o'clock came—the hour which finishes the academical day, and either relaxation or drill follows, according to the season of the year and the weather. On this occasion, while we, the humblest of plebes, were paraded in motley and marched by the

left flank to meet our fate, the squads were marching in from the various academies, some cadets having large port-folios under their arms; and, as we passed them, I heard the unfeeling titter in the ranks of those veterans, unmindful of the day when they, too, were conducted along the same path to the same trial.

We were soon seated in a row on a bench in the hall of examination—that far-famed hall, so well remembered for its scenes of terror and despair, of joy and triumph. We were ranged along one side of the room, with our judges opposite; two black boards flanking the long table at which they were seated. There were thirteen tremblers, at the head of which, by alphabetical right, sat Benjamin Bastion. Next, was a fine full-blooded Kentuckian, who had already been examined in June; but, having failed, was allowed a second trial. He had not had much to do with books until he was appointed cadet, and had striven, with unceasing application, to prepare himself for this hour. Three others, with Bayconsides, had been granted another hearing, and the rest of us had been lately appointed, or were unable to reach the Point in time for the former examination.

After making answer to a great many questions, my neighbor and myself were directed to write out and explain certain mysteries of “fractional parts” on the black-board. He had become accustomed to the situation. It was new to me, and neither of us stood firm in our shoes, for I could perceive him tremble; I *felt* that I did. At length the examiner called upon me to “*demawstrate* ;” which, having satisfactorily accomplished, he directed me to expunge every thing I had written and sit down. The tone in which this was uttered alarmed me, for I considered this to be equivalent to saying I was wrong. I sat down with cheeks burning with shame, and yet the more I thought of my performance, the more confident I became that I was right, and at length grew calm. But those tones, harsh and discordant, grated upon my inner heart, and whenever they have fallen upon my ear (and often have I heard them since) the most disagreeable visions have been conjured up to imagination’s eye, and I feel an invincible aversion to this day, to nasal and drawling sounds, and often to the unconscious utterer of them.

Bayconsides now began his demonstration. “I have certain fractional quantities to add together. To do this, we must multiply all the denominators except its own”——

“How-oo’s that, Mister Bayconsides, how-oo?” The poor Kentuckian stood aghast. “Go on, Sir,” said the President of the Academic Board, in a tone of encouragement. He turned to the black-board and seemed to reflect a little.

“To do this, we must reduce them all to the same form of vulgar fractions, and then *add* all the denominators except”——

He was, of course, again interrupted by those appalling sounds, and it is unnecessary to follow him any further.

The trial now proceeded with various chances, and now nought remained but the least matter of all—to write correctly a sentence

of English. Terror had departed with the mathematical examiner, and the rest was but child's-play to all but our unfortunate brother of the west; his grammar had been altogether neglected, and he was now toiling till the perspiration rolled off his sun-burnt cheek. We, who sat near him, endeavored to assist him, but were observed and prevented. As we only waited for him to finish the examination, the rest were discharged and left the hall. Never shall I forget the look of agony—of mental agony—that seemed to distort his fine features as we rose to leave him to his fate. The words he had to do into good English were, "many subjects, incomprehensible at first, appear simple when acquired." I saw his blotted slip of paper, with the words "menny subjacks" scrawled thereon; the next word was to him as Hebrew or Syriac.

On returning to the Barracks, I met Scheldt, Ned Quiddy and Owenley, who congratulated me on having passed the ordeal.

"Allow me to give you joy, my dear Ben," said the latter, "and hereafter you will be known only by that name for brevity's sake, which is the soul of wit, and because universal custom here sanctions and renders necessary a *soubriquet* of some sort."

Yes—Owenley there is called Leftenant, or "The Leftenant," for *brevet*-y's sake—a *rank* nick-name, for he gets neither pay nor emolument for it. Scheldt, too, was sometimes called Bob, but he did not like it for some good reason, and so he took occasion one day, to knock down a friend who accosted him thus, since which time"—

"I have been called plain Jamie, which contents me very well, seeing that it's my own name. Bastion, or rather Ben, my friend, Reuben told me all about it; you passed a very satisfactory examination, and to-morrow you'll be announced in orders as being admitted. There will be some few forms to go through to-morrow, and then you are established."

"I fear he will not be one of the 'gallant seconds,' though," said Ned, "he's tall, and they'll want him for a grenadier in the first, with Major Bengard, Jo Trail and all the six-foot gentlemen; so they'll make him room in the North."

"That may be managed, I think; there's Silly Willy, living in the North and doing duty in the second, as near Ben's height as possible, and Captain Harry will be very glad to exchange, if Captain Jack pleases, and if not, why we'll get Haughty's order to that effect. I'm intimate with the Adjutant and he'll speak a word for us. C'est une affaire finie."

Behold me at length furnished forth in my career with a cot, mattress, nick-name and sundry other minor necessities. At a small "boutique," opposite the chapel, were to be had at very moderate tariff prices, that is, at twice their value, all those little et ceteras, a list of which is found in the regulations, and I complied very literally with those injunctions, more so probably (to my shame be it said) than at any time since. Words, like oil and honey mixed, and smiles, bright as the first rays of morning upon the hills, were lavished upon the new customer, who departed with his

purchases, highly pleased with the attentions of that most accommodating of Morris Browns, and resolved to be taxed to the utmost allowable between pay-days. Pleasant were the fancies and glorious the images of future days, thronging through my brain, as I laid me down that night, for the first time, on a soldier's cot. All the fond hopes and aspirations of youth were gratified; for now the point towards which I had striven so long was reached, and a prospect of beauty opened out from this summit. The temple of science stood in the perspective and the rugged paths that led thither were all concealed by verdure. I saw not the rocky heights nor the sloughs that lay concealed, where many a better and a wiser than I, had sunk in utter hopelessness. Neither did I consider the lowly mole-hill upon which I stood. Mine was the bliss of ignorance, "and 'twere folly to be wise."

The next morning at mess-parade, a Military Academy Order was read by the Adjutant, "that Cadet Bastion and eight others, having passed a satisfactory examination for admission, would repair to the office of the Post-Adjutant at 8 o'clock." Nothing was said of Bayconsides and three others. They were informed of their bad fortune in private, by the Superintendent, and suffered to depart in peace. One of them, named Biggun, was greatly exasperated at the supposed injustice done him, and declared his intention of returning to the district which he represented, there to lay the whole matter *impartially* before the people, and procure the abolition of a corrupt institution, through the influence of his member of Congress.

We were marched, (for all our movements now were regulated in masses,) in a squad, commanded by an old cadet, to the Post Adjutant's, where the Regulations for the Army, relating to cadets, were read to us, and were then signed by each, thus giving evidence that we came voluntarily under their operation, being acquainted with their provisions, and constituting a bar to any future plea of ignorance. We next proceeded to the office of the Battalion Adjutant, and were entered upon the muster rolls to draw pay from the date; and also upon the descriptive roll, containing our address, together with that of parents, &c. Being then assigned to Companies, we separated to call on our Captains, who forwarded us to the Orderly Sergeants. I was informed by Sergeant Graye that I must hereafter attend all roll-calls, as I was now one of his company, the 2nd under the command of Captain Harry. This completed the enrolment of Cadet Bastion in the service of the United States, for five years, to date from 1st July, 18—. The original letter of appointment promised the "warrant," if, after six months trial, the conduct, industry, and capacity exhibited should entitle me to it. This being *in futuro*, was a matter laid by to be wrought out by time, and I was too well satisfied with present success to dwell upon that which was remote. I was admitted in due form, and had no reason to complain of the results, (thank my benevolence! the crotchet of *bodily*, as well as *mental* inspections, had not yet entered the brain of authority.) But there was yet one thing

wanting—that last and all-important change of the outward and visible man, by which one is made to appear perfect and all matriculate, viz : to lay aside the habiliments of civil life, and to stand forth confessed in the uniform of the corps. With what pride, mingled with pleasure, is felt the first cincture of the closely fitting gray coattee, girded by the bright bullet-button! Through many a degree of the circle doth the hitherto stooping form dilate itself, to assume the requisite 180° with itself, and 90° with the horizon. Not a may pole in our native village—not a hickory tree in the autumn of 18—throughout the state of Pennsylvania—not a four-feet-five advocate addressing a jury of green mountain boys—not a once fascinating maid *un peu passée*, who fondly thinks that bolt-uprightness will deduct full ten years from her reckoning—nay, not even that type of military (I mean civico-military) perfection, Colonel Ramrod, of the — militia, whose attitude was so perpendicular, that he once fell backward from his horse in front of his regiment, just as the Adjutant reported “parade formed,” and was taken up for dead—(victim of uprightness in the discharge of his duty)—nothing that may be brought into comparison or contrast, in nature or in art, approached nearer the true plumb-line—the direction and tendency of all matter towards the earth’s centre—the genuine vertical, than the nine forms which were now seen rising above the crest of the hill, leading to the Post Office and tailor’s shop.

Renowned Kelly! many a suffering youth, galled by the *too, too close* fits of thy successor, shall shed tears over thy memory, and the glorious days of thy much regretted reign; the more especially if he have just crossed the plain, full in the face of a north-wester, in the month of storms, to try on the yet unfinished garment. The recollection of the graceful forms that grew up beneath thy fostering care, shall never be effaced while we remain in service. Thou didst make the crooked straight, and didst soften down all asperities, and shape forth thy productions according to the curves of beauty. Thy very perfection of art, transmitted down to a later day, has moved the gall of a half-pay centurion, and stirred up the bile of a reverend fiddler. Oh, hadst thou been present to explain to them in what their error *lies*! We felt thy loss, when, even as the noble steed that hath won full many a heat, it became necessary that thou shouldst be withdrawn from the field of thy former glory. We know not if thou still survivest; but if thou art indeed departed, and art gathered to thy progenitors, we would make a pilgrimage to thy tomb, and plant there seeds of the *Brassica muralis*.

And thou, cordwainer of the monstrous nose! most honest and most promising—most indefatigable and most disappointing Longfield! Thou wilt not be forgotten while these horrid corns—fruits of thy random skill in designing and embodying thy *high-souled* conceptions—exist to remind us of the time when, with the untrammelled action and vigor of youth, we could march four miles an hour all day, from one *soup* to the next, and so onward, still, from *soup* to *soup*. Thou art gone to acquire fame and fortune in the

far west, and already art become one of the Conscript Fathers of the village of *Mittoutville*. Thou art gone at last, and the all-demolishing hand of time hath left no trace of thy handy work here. Thy mantle hath fallen upon gentle Tummas, now sole occupant of thy vacant bench; and he shall, doubtless, renew the worn brogan at a pinch. And when, in the progress of time, he becomes settled in his seat, may he wax stronger in all excellence, till he come to rival, in all befitting things, his great prototype and master. Be his motto,

“Macte veritate.”

I occupied a pleasant room in the South Barracks, with my friend Scheldt and another old cadet, Tom Tiffe, as he was called, though his real name was Arthur. This way of applying the nickname appeared a little odd at first, but was common then, and sometimes great pains seemed to have been taken to affix that which properly belonged to one as the natural abbreviation, to another, where there existed no clue to the relation between them. Thus Sam, Tom, and Dick, were the titles of many, who, by a general exchange, might have been suited each with his own appropriate “nick.” But, as it now stood, there were some advantages attendant upon the system. They were disguises, concealing from *certain ears*, in the hours of darkness, and at moments of forbidden enjoyment, the persons of the bearers, as at a masquerade, a party of friends change dresses, and produce a similar deception to the eye.

Tom Tiffe was placed in our quarters temporarily, to continue only until a vacancy in some other should occur. I was glad of this, for he was one of the malcontents of the Corps, incessantly croaking about persecution, oppression, and other imaginary evils, all concentrated upon his own devoted head. To listen and to believe him, one would realize an extraordinary state of things in a military world—authority exercised for the disadvantage of the governed, and men of years and learning devoting their whole lives and energies to one sole object—the *persecution* of a solitary, innocent, and unfortunate cadet. He had been corrupted by the malign influence of bad example; for there existed then, as always, a knot of individuals of poor capacities, and desperate prospects, who make it their business to mislead the unwary, and to inspire with false pride and false notions of their obligations to their country, all those weaker minds, open to the sophistry of a bad cause, and those, whose low position and hopeless chance of passing honorably and creditably through their term of trial, made easy converts to the belief that all their failures were owing to the oppression of the higher powers. He had been infected by those moving pestilences—those plague-spots—those cankers upon the bloom of youthful promise and innocence. Still was he not past cure, and there were friends who would have been glad to apply the healing balm to his disease. By nature, Arthur was all that is excellent. In person manly, and with his handsome countenance beaming forth the kindly feelings that filled his breast, and with

manners prepossessing in the highest degree ; with a brilliant genius and intellectual powers capable of raising him to eminence and usefulness. It was painful to look upon the ruin wrought by these *fiends*. Those who became intimately acquainted with him, and saw his various moods, could only wonder how such a mind had been sunk in the mire to grovel with the vulgar and impure, while industry would have placed him where it ever delights to exalt its votary. Like all men, in whose organization a spice of romance is mingled with good parts, he took pride now in being noted for his wandering from the beaten path, the miscalled aberrations of genius. He had commenced his career full of ardor to be distinguished, and now occupied a low place in the third class, having narrowly escaped the disgrace of being "found deficient." In the outset, he was disappointed in not obtaining a high rank, and was discouraged, then became indifferent, and, at last, in spite of friendly counsel, he threw himself down to the level of companions who had nearly completed his ruin. At the time he came to be an inmate with Scheldt and myself, he was a notorious good fellow of the second rank—a sturdy opponent of orders and regulations—an inventor of cant phrases and slang—a successful writer of satires, illustrated with caricatures, where the members of the academic staff were made to figure for the amusement of "leisure hours"—a frequenter of Bennie's and King Cole's—one of old Kronk's best customers, and a "pet" of Mammie Winfield; and his tact in getting to those Elysia, and returning safely with some execrable liquor, out of which he compounded execrable drinks to please the palates of his swinish compotators, had won him their universal admiration, and the character of a consummate "Engineer."

B. B.

ARTHUR TREMAINE.

"I never peruse a book, (or other writing) with pleasure, until I know whether the writer be a black or a fair man, married or a bachelor, with many other particulars of a like nature, which conduce to a right understanding of an author."—*Addison*.

As the chaste moon pursues her silent career across the arch of night; as the ardent and fearful lover steals to a clandestine interview with his fond mistress; with steps such as thieves, conspirators, and inspectors, are familiar with, so did Drummond and Tremaine seek the north-west corner of the "cockloft." With palpitating hearts and breath restrained, they glide athwart the pavement, and up the stairs of the North Barracks, and along the hall,

till the closed door of Devil's room abruptly halts their further progress. A tap, and then another, and still a third, with emphasis peculiar, but well understood, sounds with a faint echo, when, all at once, the portal opens and they enter in.

Around the room, are tables, whose pine faces are in part concealed by books on various sciences, hastily piled up, while plates of pewter, knives and forks, and iron spoons, with greasy aspect, occupy the wonted places of the volumes, a most incongruous association. Within the twilight of the inner chamber, the shadowy forms of Wise and Purnley, Doane and Hamilton, may be discerned upon the humble beds that lie outstretched upon the floor; and ever and anon the whispered murmur of their conversation gains the ear.

The centre of the room sustains a drawing-board of huge dimensions, fitted up with singular contrivance and covered with a sheet for table-cloth. Before the glowing fire, with shirt sleeves to the elbow rolled, his vest thrown open, and his shoes thrown off, in flimsy stockings broken at the toes, is squatting on his hams, the Devil. In his dexter hand he holds a stick, adorned at the extremity with a mop of linen, with which he bastes a fine, fat turkey, that, by its legs, hangs pendent from a nail; diffusing far around a sweet, delightful savor, from its brown and dripping sides. Beside him is Plebe Bush, with piles of toast, (all smoking in the butter from the mess-hall 'hooked,') and chocolate, which steams like incense upward. The window is adorned with temporary curtains made of coverlets, the key-hole is filled up with paper, to secure the assembly from the treason of the 'lights;' and every thing is well arranged to utterly dispel the awful fear and danger of detection.

Impatience, that sits brooding o'er the guests, is now about to be dethroned by satisfaction; for the banquet is prepared and smokes upon the *board*. Reality, in all her vivid hues, shines round about, irradiating every eye with brightness and every countenance with joy. The banqueters now gather round and seat themselves, on chairs (perhaps,) or sticks of wood all nicely balanced, or kneel upon their ancles in the Asiatic mode.

The chocolate is poured out and exhales its hot perfume under each nose; the toast is dipped once more, and commingles its steamy lusciousness with the floating odours. The turkey is now carved in pieces of abundant amplitude, and is served to each in hospitable profusion. With eager hands they seize the meat and tear it with their teeth, and every nether jaw is wagged in mastication, when—ye gods! a rap upon the door resounds upon their astonished senses.

"Shec!" exclaimed every one whose mouth was not too full.—The nether jaws are paralysed; for here a drum-stick, and there a wing, and yonder a breast-bone, protruded from the wide-stretched mouths.

Another rap, portentous of authority, again is heard with terrible distinctness.

"Shec!" said every one again.

"Who is it?" whispered I to Drummond.

He put his finger on his lip.

"How pale they all look!" thought I; "but I am not pale—no! dear me; I am not frightened. O! what makes me shudder so? I dont *feel* pale, I'm sure!—ah! how still we are. O! what—"

"Open the door!" commanded the voice without, while at the same time the door was shaken violently.

"Hitch! by——" exclaimed the Devil.

"Open the door instantly, sir," cried the voice.

"Coming sir!" said Devil. "Save yourselves, fellows," continued he in a hurried whisper; "here, Dad, put these bottles under the floor; cover it up; there, now, '*saue qui peut*,' each for himself and God for us all; dont be alarmed. Coming sir! as soon as I can; get under the blankets there, Wise; Joe Doane, you can take care of yourself; dont call each others' names; Purnley, here—very well—you are under the table, stay there; put out the fire and lights."

"Open the door!" shouted the voice again, and a tremendous blow was struck against it.

"Come with me, Tremaine!" said Drummond, pulling me from where I was standing, motionless, petrified, dismayed; like one sitting at the bottomless pool of despondency angling for impossibilities. "Come, do as I do; cover your face and make a rush as soon as he comes in; here, come behind the door—wake up! man, you want all your energies now—*ad omnia efficacior vis*; mind now! do as I do! make a rush as soon he has passed the door."

The prospect of escape aroused me, and made me comprehend Drummond's plan, but scarcely had we established ourselves behind the door, when it was burst open, and Hitch entered. He stopped a moment at the door-way, as the light of his lantern fell on the well-spread drawing board, to gaze on the preparations that his untimely visitation had rendered nugatory, and to observe that there was no spirituous liquor on the table, and, as it appeared, to count the plates

"Gentlemen! I am sorry—"

"That you have interrupted our supper, sir? so am I," said Devil, with great *sang froid*.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, that it is my duty to interrupt you.—Where are your visitors, sir?" said H. addressing the Devil. "You must discover them, sir, if any are here," he replied. As the inspector stepped forward to make the search, Drummond led me softly from behind the door, and was about to slip out, when I felt myself seized behind. I uttered a faint scream, which Drummond correctly interpreted; when, uniting his powerful strength to my feeble endeavors, he succeeded in extricating me with the loss of my right coat tail.

How I gained the pavement I scarcely know; I do not remem-

ber going down the stairs. But new dangers awaited us. Drummond discerned the light of a dark lantern on the stoop of the south barracks, which indicated a general inspection of the quarters, as in truth it was.

"We are not safe yet, Naso," said he. "If Granny has not inspected our room, we may be. By Jove! he has not; here, take off your coat—give it me. You must appear as if you had been out to 'number nine,' while I will climb up this post to our stoop; I can do it, and he has cut us off from the door; quick! run—softly, softly; but come in with confidence." So saying he sprang up on the railing and drew himself to the stoop above, as the Inspector was looking into Wise and Purnley's room, to examine that all were present.

Meanwhile, I unbuttoned my suspenders, and holding my trousers up with one hand, marched boldly along the stoop and luckily passed by the Inspector, who was making the survey of a '*dummy*,' which he had hauled out of Wise's bed; but, nevertheless, he saw me. "I have been out, sir," said I, with great apparent ingenuousness. He turned his lantern full upon me, and hearing my chattering teeth playing the devil's tattoo, (which he attributed to cold, and not fear,) and seeing my disarrayed habiliments which seemed to confirm the idea which I wished to convey, he allowed me to pass on, saying in his calm and quiet way, "you are very imprudent in coming out so thinly clothed."

I went to my room with joy inexpressible. Drummond was snoring as if fast asleep. My curtailed coat was carefully hung on a chair, with the tail which had preserved its integrity *outermost*; my bed looked as though I had just but risen from it; in a word our room passed inspection easily, for it had a good name through Maurice's known excellence, and especially, because Dad was so experienced in sprees and so cunning in avoiding detection.

But, alas! for my ephemeral gratulations. They were as groundless as the "baseless fabric of a vision." Next morning, the Adjutant called on me with the petrifying information that I was "to consider myself under arrest."

Joe Doane, of all our company, except Drummond, escaped detection. It appeared that he was concealed under Hamilton's cloak, who escaped as far as the pavement between the barracks, when, meeting Granny, he was recognised, and of course reported. Joe's heels were peeping from beneath the cloak, and when Granny saw them, he asked Hamilton "what he had under his garment?" Hamilton replied that "he had a saddle, which he had borrowed of Colonel Spencer."

"A saddle?" said Granny, with one of his quiet smiles, "well, the stirrups are wondrous long!" and so pleased was he with his own humour, that he allowed the delinquents to pass without further scrutiny, and so Joe escaped in the halo of the brilliancy of the Inspector's wit.

I was amazingly frightened at the prospect of dismissal, and could neither study nor sleep. I thought of my mother and father—how

mortified they would be! And aunt Charity's dried-up countenance appeared to me in my dreams, and I heard her cracked voice crying out to me, "I told you so;" and something she seemed to say of "Captain Kidd, and sulphur matches, and jack o'lanterns," and reiterated the long catalogue of my juvenile gibes, and added to it many more of her own invention, and then closed the list by this my academic apostacy.

But Maurice gave me hope that my offence would be overlooked; yet this gave me no comfort, for I had an intuitive conviction that it would not be so. This conviction was so strong, that at length I grew reckless and desperate, neglected my studies, and *broke my arrest*; which last act was brought against me as an "additional charge," and proved my ruin.

I tell of my delinquences with shame, but I acquiesce in the justice of my sentence. He was no longer fit for a soldier, in whose implied word there was no confidence to be placed. The strict and impartial fiat of the court-martial doomed me to dismissal.—I did not wait to know whether the mercy of the President would reinstate me. I guessed the worst, and without waiting for the publication of the sentence, obtained permission to resign; a favor I had no right to expect.

I will not trouble the reader with an account of the trial. I would willingly draw a sponge over this leaf in the history of my academic life. Nay, I will do so.

* * * * *

Reader, I have trespassed long on your patience, and in leaving, will thank you for your courtesy; know that I am a man of "fair" complexion, of "mild disposition," "a bachelor," and what is worse, I am a *dismissed cadet*. Let the moral of my tale be impressed on all.

At West Point is every advantage for intellectual progress; but he who is guilty of moral obliquity, or negligence of his academic duties, is sure to receive his deserts; while he who honestly and honorably fulfils the salutary requirements of this most excellent institution, reaps a reward richer than mines, more valuable than all wealth; an education, such as no other university affords, and a fraternity with the noblest of our country's sons.

May the *alma mater* of our army long flourish, and be cherished in the hearts of the people; may that gallant band, with whom I should be proud to be associated, long maintain its deservedly high intellectual character. And may they ever be found opposed to tyranny and faction at home, and formidable to enemies from abroad; eminent in virtue, and glorious in valor.

THE TERMS "RANK" AND "COMMAND."

These are among the instances of ambiguous phraseology, which has exercised a confusing influence in military subjects.—They are declared by military writers and talkers, to be "mutative terms," meaning thereby, that they are convertible, or so much alike that the one may be substituted for the other.

That this assertion is not true will sufficiently appear from a comparison of the senses in which they are defined for popular use, with those in which they are actually employed in connexion with the army institution; and we shall by this means be enabled to account for the prevailing impression.

The word *rank* is defined—1. A line of men placed abreast—a row—2. Class or order—3. *Range of subordination*—4. Degree of dignity—dignity—5. High place—as for example, "He is a man of rank."

The word *command* is defined—1. *The right of commanding*—2. Power, supreme authority—3. Cogent authority—4. Despotism—5. *The act of commanding*—6. Order.

From a mere inspection of these senses it will be conceded that none of them, under either word, can convey the sense imparted by either of them, under the other; and consequently they are not convertible, as defined. Let us proceed, however, to consider with more attention, the senses we have italicised.

Of the word "command," these senses are—1. *the right*, and 2. *the act*, of commanding. The right is the privilege, or just claim, to control or command. In a military use, it is such a privilege, vested in some individuals, called officers, by the sovereign power of the nation, to control the actions of others, rendered subject to their will, for military purposes. The *act* is not the privilege, but the action of commanding; or the performance itself; the exercise, in other words, of the vested right. The former is, or may be, a permanent attribute of quality, resident in the officer; an abstract power, which, though not exerted, would yet exist.—Both senses denote authority; the one, however, only potential—the other actual.

Now it is familiar to all observation, that the word *rank*, has actually acquired (by one of those mutations to which all living languages are proverbially liable) the former sense of the word command, namely "*the right of commanding*." To exemplify—that an officer has lineal rank, or staff rank, is but another mode of saying, he has the right of commanding in the *line*, in the one case—in the *staff* in the other; that he has Brevet rank, is to limit such right by the brevet contingency. To have "no rank," is but ano-

ther expression for "no right to command." An officer is said to have rank enough for a given command; that is to say, the degree of his rank infers the right (habitually) of commanding such a body of troops. It may be said to a private soldier: "I am an officer," and this assertion would necessarily convey that he who made it, had a right to command such soldier. Why? Obviously because it is the investment of *rank* that constitutes an officer.—Now observe, that though the expressions, thus coupled, are of equal or synonymous import, and may therefore be declared *mutative*, yet the *words* rank and command, taken by themselves, are not so. Observe further, an officer may be said "to have rank" and "to have command;" these *expressions* are not synonymous or convertible, for he may have the former without the latter; though he cannot have the latter without the former. It does not follow, that this sense has been lost to the word command, because thus acquired by the word rank; but it is undoubtedly true, that it is now seldom, indeed we may say never, used in that sense, and we are therefore warranted in declaring, that the two words, in these two practical or technical senses, are not mutative.

These words have, however, in military usage, each, another meaning. The word command, also signifies "a body of military men;" a regiment, for example, or a company, is a command. In this sense, therefore, it is a noun of multitude, analogous to the expression, "the governed." Correlative with this sense is the other sense of the word rank, namely, "range of subordination." Now a *range* is any thing placed in a line, or row; and *subordination* is "the state of being inferior to another," and also "a series regularly descending." Taking the word subordination in both these senses, the word rank might be preferably defined "a series regularly descending." This is descriptive of the inferiority, in which *officers* stand to each other; and as they are such merely by being invested with rank, in the former sense, the word rank in the sense under consideration would strictly denote "the series of different relative degrees of authority reposed in them from the highest to the lowest." But, since for practical purposes, it is inconvenient to consider the right separately from him who possesses it, the word rank has, by a natural transition in the use of language, come to signify the range or series of *officers* themselves. In this sense, it, too, will be seen to be a noun of multitude, analogous to "magistracy" for example. Now, between the words rank, and command, in the senses just explained, there is an exact correlation, thus:—The series of officers is not a simple one, from the highest to the lowest, but is divided or grouped into classes, or *grades* (to use the technical term.) In like manner, "the body of men" is not a simple one, but consists of a series of smaller bodies; it is in other words, divided and sub-divided into bodies of fixed relative numbers, each of which is, like the whole body, a *command*. The grades of officers and of commands correspond, and so do the numbers of both in each and all of the grades. If, therefore, both words were used with a plural, there

would be an entire correspondence between them, as follows:—
 1. *Rank* would denote the whole body of officers—command, the whole body of commands; 2. *Ranks* would denote the different *grades* of officers, each grade having the same title, as Colonel, Captain, and so forth—*commands*, the different grades of, or proportionable bodies of men, as regiment, company, and so on. To be thus correlative, however, and to be mutative or convertible, are very different things, and we therefore conclude, that in none of their military senses are they ever so.

In confirmation of this conclusion, we will briefly examine the language of General Washington's letter, often erroneously produced to confirm the reverse. It is thus: "Military rank, and an eligibility to military command, are ideas which cannot be separated: take away the latter, and the former becomes an unmeaning sound." It is not here affirmed, as some have thought, nor is it inferable from this language, as the opinion of its illustrious author, that "military rank," and "military command," are mutative or convertible; nor even that they are inseparable; but, that the former phrase and "an eligibility to military command" denote inseparable ideas. This *eligibility*, or as we have expressed it, this *right*, is that by which military rank is properly defined; and, of course, to take it away, is, as he says, to leave the word an unmeaning sound.—To take away the actual command, is quite another matter. This does not destroy the rank; it merely suspends its exercise. Such a right, or rank, precisely (though in this instance unaccompanied by an appropriate military *title*) is vested by the constitution in the President of the United States, and remains in him, potentially, when there is actually neither army nor navy in existence.

To recapitulate the conclusions to which our investigations have conducted, the word *rank* signifies:—

1. The right of commanding, or that investment of authority which constitutes a military officer, and renders him eligible to command.

2. The series of officers, through and by whom, such authority is exercised. In this sense it is generally replaced by the word "officers."

The word *command* signifies:—

1. The act of commanding, or the actual exercise of rank, in the first sense of that word.

2. A body of men, (divided or not into smaller bodies) over whom rank is exercised.

The impression that rank and command are mutative terms, seems to have arisen principally from the convertibility, not of the words themselves, but of the *expressions* in which they are often employed; from the correlation established between these terms, placing their subjects, as it were, in a sort of juxta-position; and from referring to the popular senses as given in dictionaries.

From what has been said, "the right of commanding; that is to say, the *perfect* right, in strictness defines only the rank held by the President, while that held by all other officers is defined, according

to the beautiful accuracy of our Washington's language, "an eligibility to command." This latter, therefore, is only a resident capacity, or dormant right, till quickened into force by the impartation of a portion of that perfect right, whose sum total is in the commander-in-chief. It is palpable, however, that by whatever officer it is *exercised*, rank, or the right of commanding, considered in its abstract nature, remains the same, and equally demands the obedience of inferiors. In relation to *them*, therefore, the distinction between the perfect and the imperfect right, is, to use a legal phrase, not traversable. It has no effect whatever in qualifying their obedience.

G.

NAVAL FORCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

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Translated by a young Officer of the U. S. Navy.

CHAPTER SECOND.

HONORS AND REWARDS.

There are none of those rewards, none of those honors bestowed on the Army, which are not likewise granted to the Navy, for great and glorious services rendered to the country. Pecuniary rewards,* decorations and military orders, ennobling, titles, peerage; such are the rewards made by the Prince to seamen who have performed great actions. One of the most ancient and honorable rewards, is that which was granted after the battle of the 31st July, 1653, fought against the Dutch. Van Tromp was conquered by Blake and Monk, who gave orders neither to receive nor grant quarters; and thus in the engagement five thousand of the Dutch were killed and drowned, and twenty-seven of their vessels sunk, for none were taken. Parliament, too, acknowledged this ever memorable service, voted collars of gold to the Admirals, and medals to the Captains.

* Not to repeat uselessly the same things, we here refer the reader to what we said on this subject, in treating of the military force.

In the last war of Great Britain against France, Spain and Holland, the Admirals and Captains obtained from the King similar distinctions, after the victories won by Howe, (1st July, 1794;) St. Vincent, (14th Feb. 1797;) Duncan, (11th Oct. 1797;) and Nelson, (1st Aug. and 21st Oct. 1798.) It is remarkable, that in all these battles, the King granted medals only to the Admirals and Captains*; while, after the battle of Waterloo, he gave to every rank of the army, from the officers of the first rank to the very lowest soldier, the privilege of wearing these medals.

The English Parliament grants to the navy, as well as to the army, votes of thanks, not only to the Admirals and Generals, but to the subaltern officers, to the royal marines, and even to the lowest rank of seamen. This national acknowledgment, granted by the representatives of the English people, is to the navy the most precious and enviable gift.

When an Admiral, or even a Captain, dies in a victorious fleet, or in a glorious engagement, Parliament grants to his earthly remains, the honors of the national sepulchre, at Westminster or St. Paul. Thus, when Blake, the greatest seaman of the seventeenth century, found death in the midst of his exploits, the Republic ordained that his funeral rites should be celebrated with the greatest solemnity, at the public expense, and that the remains of this illustrious warrior should be buried in the chapel of the Kings, at Westminster.

But when the reign of the Stuarts succeeded the usurpation of Cromwell, regardless of the memory of a warrior, stranger to the crimes of the government which had been overthrown, guilty only in having rendered the country glorious during the absence of Charles II, and in having struck fear into every nation in Europe, for the English; his bones were disinterred to be thrust with ignominy into some unknown part of the country. On the contrary, Monk, who often at the side of Blake had fought under the flag of the Republic and the Protector, but who had dishonored them with frightful cruelty, had, after his death, the honor of being placed in the sepulchre of the King, whom he replaced on the throne†.

At the present day, it is sometimes customary to rear in the heart of this temple, but not in the chapel reserved for the reigning family, the monuments of heroes and great men. And indeed, what matters it where the place be, that gratitude consecrates to the remains of men, who have performed great actions. Suffice it, that the monument is erected by the country, and that it is offered as the homage of every citizen, to excite in every heart, the noble desire to merit such distinction.

* The Admirals wear a gold medal suspended to a chain, with a blue and white riband around the neck. The Captains wear the medal suspended from the button hole.

† See in the history of Cromwell, the recital of the massacre of the Royalists in Scotland, executed by the order of Monk. It is this, which the historian calls being faithful to excess.

Nelson, inflamed by every feeling of wild patriotism, and of an ungovernable, but magnanimous ambition, this Nelson desired to gain but two prizes by his greatest deeds, viz: an hereditary peerage, to lay the foundation and perpetuate the greatness of his house, and a monument to honor his earthly remains, and to recall incessantly to his countrymen the remembrance of his great and valiant deeds.

At the battle of Cape St. Vincent, this warrior sustained alone, with a two-decker, the fire from three three-deckers. Scarcely does assistance reach him when he boards one of these "colosses" and makes himself master of her. He finds at this moment his prize attacked by another first-rate vessel; then, rushing with his whole crew upon his new enemy, NELSON, for his war cry and boarding signal, uttered these words alone—"Westminster or Victory!" But this time he gained victory.

The same sentiments seemed to have animated this hero, in all the battles he fought. It was thus, on his first view of the French fleet, at anchor in the Roads of Aboukir: "To-day," (said he to his captains) "to-day, I will gain my seat in the hall of the Peers, or my tomb in Westminster." He, at that time, obtained his peerage, with the beautiful title of "Baron of the Nile;" and in his grandest victory which he afterwards gained, he obtained the immortal asylum, which he had so often desired for his remains.*—The honors rendered at that time to this great seaman, are among the moral stimulants of the British navy. For similar honors are the secret springs of that moral force, which alone can give great energy to physical strength.

After the battle of Trafalgar, England was at that state of danger, which appeared to, and which really did, increase at each moment. In vain, by the most skilful policy, the cabinet of St. James had induced Austria and Russia to declare war against us. The fleet, free to wait for the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, remained inactive and always ready to receive the conquerors, impatient to attempt the long meditated invasion. The combined fleets of France and Spain, and France and Holland, could wait quietly at the two extremes of the European seas, to act, the moment that our troops should return, from an ever memorable campaign, to again menace the shores of England; but an incredible blindness, and the most absurd impatience, induced them to attempt a naval engagement, which brought on the ruin of the French navy. Had such a victory been gained by England at the very mouth of the Thames, in the sight of London, herself menaced, the nation could not have been transported with more enthusiasm. They raised to the skies the heroes who had just saved the country. The King granted them titles, honors, and decorations. Parliament voted them rewards and

* In the life of Nelson, written by Southey, *Salary Panegyrist of the Court of England*, under the title of *Poet Laureat*, it is said that at the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson was killed by a Tyrolese arquebusier, placed to shoot at him.—It is a gross falsity. There was not a single Tyrolean in the fleet, nor were there any carbines.

thanks. The corporations, voluntary companies, contributed sums for the widows and orphans of those who were killed in the fight, and to maintain those whose wounds interrupted their career.

But in the midst of this universal joy, an irreparable loss throws a shade of melancholy darkness over the laurels so dearly bought by the country. The most daring, the most fortunate of Admirals, after having gained so many glorious victories, falls in the arms of his most stupendous triumph. In the midst of that glorious battle, which placed him in the rank of those men, "the saviors of their country," Nelson fell, fighting on board the *Victory*. It was the *Victory* herself which returned to England and deposited at Greenwich, the remains of the hero. The lords, the commons, the laymen, and the churchmen, the army, the navy, all join in celebrating the funeral rites of the "son of a village churchman;" of him, who commenced by being a boy, under a collier, to raise himself, sword in hand, to the rank of admiral, and peer of England. His mortal remains, surrounded by every ornament of victory, are carried from the hospital of invalided seamen to Westminster, in a man of war, surrounded by thousands of vessels decorated with crape and laurels.

At Westminster, the Parliament, the Princes, the Ministers, and the elect of the citizens, receive the immortal tribute which the Navy has just offered to the country. In the midst of this national retinue, the body of Nelson, honored by the panegyrics and tears of a whole nation, is carried in triumph and laid in the majestic temple of St. Paul, where will be erected by a grateful nation, a tomb, surrounded by those flags, that must ever recall to mind the battles and victories of this illustrious Admiral.

I have been through the majority of the towns of any importance in Great Britain, and every where, in parts the most remote, in the wildest regions of Caledonia, I have seen durable monuments reared by the gratitude of the citizens, to the memory of Nelson. These are the noble acknowledgments, by which a country can show herself worthy of victory.

Compare these numberless monuments with those which have been reared to the greatest victory that has ever been gained by the English armies. Trafalgar did not decide the fall of the French Empire. But Waterloo crushed that powerful realm, reared from its ruins as by magic. Waterloo freed England and Europe from those terrors, which the French eagles had so often excited.

Waterloo places (at least for some years*) the power of England in the first rank in the coalition of the continental forces. However, if we overrun the three kingdoms of England, we seek in vain for numerous monuments consecrated to this memorable event. The names of a few streets; some few statues; the name of a bridge, built for some special purpose, before even its hundred days

* Scarcely four years have elapsed since these reflections were made, and already England is, or appears to be, withdrawn from this coalition. She inclines a little to the cause of the people, for she dreads more the cause of Emperors.

campaign. These are all the monuments, which remain in England, to memorialize a victory obtained by immense sacrifices, the burden of which still weighs upon the people.

FREDERICK AND NAPOLEON,

COMPARED.

The volumes of biography which have been written upon the characters of two of the most illustrious individuals of modern times, are continued to be read with avidity by an admiring world. There is scarcely a library but contains the lives of Frederick and Napoleon; and but few persons who are not conversant with their feats. Almost one half century was taken up with their enthusiastic pursuits of renown, and wonderful performances upon the wide theatre of war. As actors, every eye was directed towards them, who only ceased performing when the curtain fell, amidst the applause and tears of millions of widows and orphans, and the wrecks of monuments of their long sought glory and fame. Each occupied a throne, which may be truly said to be vacant, from the fact, that they have never since been filled with such talents and genius, which astonished all Europe.

In contemplating the lives of these extraordinary men, we shall consider their characters, within their own sphere; present an historic miniature of their reigns, and their resemblance, in point of action, with the leading features of their minds, which led them to establish a new era in tactics, and a mode of warfare, hitherto unknown, even by the greatest Captains of the preceding ages; and advert to circumstances of their ruling passions, which were not dissimilar, in the field, or in the cabinet, but in the last hours of their career.

The first time that FREDERICK became noted as a distinguished General, was at the Battle of Mollwitz, in the year 1741; and from that period, he is said to have gradually developed his colossean mind, which afterwards gave to his name the title of "great." Here it was, that he laid the foundation of that martial intrepidity and valor, which evinced the future progress of the rapid march of all his subsequent engagements; for the Prussian monarch was never more in his element than when exposed between the raking fires of the burning field; and although he appears to have wished at particular times for peace, his actions and ambition seem to have

declared for war. His soldiers were constantly at his heels, and shared the hardships of a despotic leader. Frederick, even when surrounded with carnage and death, possessed a fortitude equalled by few, and at once striking and surprising. For, without the least difficulty, could the man who commanded at the point of the bayonet, retire to his tent, when covered with the dust of a fight, devote his midnight hours to the studies of poetry, history, and eloquence; without neglecting a single duty of a Sovereign. Throughout his active life, the Muses, and all the arts and sciences were eager to claim in him a worthy champion and patron. "It belonged to him," says the author of the history of Louis XIV, "to write his own commentaries, and thus prove himself another Cæsar."

In leaving for a moment the "Philosopher of Sans Souci," we shall introduce a man, who, although he followed in the course of years, yet certainly deserves to be classed, at least, in the same rank, for his military achievements. NAPOLEON, the hero of Austerlitz, and by some called the Corsican, first attracted notice at Toulon. "From that moment," says the Tully of St. Helena, "he filled the theatre of the world; he occupied all Europe; he was a meteor blazing in the firmament." "From that time, every publication, every monument became the record of his deeds. His name was inscribed in every page and in every line, and echoed from every mouth." We may add, all modern historians were eager to note his exploits and comment upon his future destiny. Every combat surprised the enemy, and bewildered the soldiery with amazement. The valor and victories of the ancients were forgotten, when Napoleon and his army of Italy were mentioned; and even Hannibal was scarcely named, when the formidable passage of the Alps led to the conquest of the Roman soil. At the head of his faithful followers, he pronounced those harangues, inimitable for their energy, as well as the style in which they were delivered.

In attempting to draw a parallel between the Prussian King and the French Emperor, we shall not observe the lineage, which bore no resemblance, but place them upon an even stand in the balance of equality; and impartially touch upon the natural disposition of their private qualities. Thus, in comparing NAPOLEON with FREDERICK, there are many traits of the same mould. Both were alike minded in the course they pursued, when forming their plans of proceeding; each laid down his campaigns certain of success, and in this particular fortune favored them. Stern and distant towards their officers, but familiar with the rank and file. Frederick was called their "good old Fritz," and Napoleon received the appellation of "notre petit caporal." They were equally adored by them and rewarded. Frederick thought of nothing but making his whole kingdom soldiers, and would have willingly beheld all professions merged in that of the army. Napoleon followed the same inclination, and none were more certain of advancing in the paths of glory and honor, than the soldier. During their reigns

Europe presented a scene of bloodshed and distress. Thousands were slain under them. Both were punctual in attending to their cabinet, and dispatching business with regularity and promptness; and each dictated to three secretaries at the same time. - Both formed a code of laws, (code Frederick, and code Napoleon,) which, with few alterations, continue to exist in France and Prussia. Both paid honors to WASHINGTON; Frederick, in presenting a sword to the immortal sage of Mount Vernon, and Napoleon in issuing the order for funeral honors, to the consular guards. Both were extremely negligent in their dress, and each used snuff to excess. Frederick and Napoleon continually wrote in the French language, and yet neither were natives of France, but preferred that tongue to their own. Frederick wrote the history of his own times. Napoleon performed the same task in writing his own memoirs. Both wrote poetry and encouraged the fine arts. Both were short and explicit in their correspondence, and but very rarely filled more than one page. Each possessed irritable tempers, and when heightened by disappointment and anger, had no bounds, and would vent themselves upon every one present. In this respect, each was feared, which could not but produce a distance between them and their subjects.

In tracing the various movements of these very extraordinary personages, and also when classing their military, financial and judicial operations, from the beginning to the end of their reigns, it will be perceived that they bore at least some resemblance; but on the other hand, there are some features of their character which vary and can never be called into question, in a comparison, to resemble each other. Frederick was no admirer of the sex, and for his Queen had no ardent attachment; thus she became entirely neglected. Napoleon esteemed and loved woman. This may be seen by the fragments of his correspondence with Josephine, recently come to light. To a distinguished lady, who observed to him, "that it was reported he did not love the sex," he very judiciously remarked, "pardon me madam, I love very much my wife." Frederick confined Baron Trenck in the dungeon at Magdeburg, for having formed an intimacy with his sister, princess Amelia. Napoleon released Lafayette from the cells of Olmutz, where he had been chained by cruel despotism.

In reviewing the last days of the two monarchs, it will also be seen, that, although their ruling passions in death were strong, as soldiers, yet there is a wide difference in their closing scene. Frederick, who adopted the title of the 'philosophe de sans souci,' preferred to die like a philosopher, and without the least desire of obtaining the christian's hope. Zimmermann says, that he died in a continued disbelief of revelation, and even of the immortality of the soul; and there is no doubt but the statement of his physician was correct; and as if to show his utter contempt for the human species, of whom he was styled one of the 'greatest,' he closed his will, by requesting that he should be buried along side of his dogs, which, for his honor, was not complied with. His last moments

were directed to the perusal of despatches, and hearing a lecture on Cicero, Plutarch, &c. Thus Frederick died.

But the death-bed scene of Napoleon is widely different, both as regards his will and his exit. After the Italian physician announced to him, that he had but few hours to live, he, with the assistance of that modern Pylades, Bertrand, composed that will, which will ever reflect honor upon his life; in which he requests to be buried upon the shores of the Seine, so much beloved by him; and if report says true, the exile of St. Helena died in possession of the faith 'once delivered to the saints.'

In concluding a few brief remarks, offered upon the characters of these two monarchs, to whom has been given the title of 'great,' and whose footsteps have been followed in blood, it is enough to say, that all the good which their hands could have conferred in embellishing their country with schools and hospitals, and bestowing upon the living the rewards of merit and valor, never will wipe away the stigma attached to those names, which were aggrandized by the death of thousands of their fellow mortals, to satisfy their ambition.

CARNOT.

COUNT SAINT LEU.

"JE L'AI CONNU."

One of the noblest traits in the character of the far-famed **LA-FAYETTE**, and one which has endeared him to every American heart, is that of his having left his own domestic fire-side, and the luxuries of a Royal court, to fight the battles of a foreign nation, in the sacred cause of America's independence; a theme that will continue to be sung by the millions of yet unborn sons of happy Columbia, and remembered until time shall be no more. Thus have others from the same clime embarked in the same cause. Their names are equally dear to the land of freedom, and are preserved upon her rolls for future generations to admire and extol. Among them **ROCHAMBEAU**, **DUPORTAIL**, **SEGUR**, are already known; but there were some whose names were not yet sufficiently high in the annals of fame, to be remembered by all. Of such was the Rear Admiral **BARRE DE SAINT LEU**, who during the struggle of '76 was a 'Gardemarine,' (a midshipman;) he was the bosom friend of the nation's Guest, and enjoyed the friendship of the General, since the early part of the American revolution.

Count Barré de St. Leu was born in Paris, and, like the illus-

trious Duquesne and Jean Bart, entered the navy at an early period. He served for a long period in the West Indies, and had returned but a short time to France, from an arduous tour, when the American Revolutionary war reached his ear. Eager to embark in the American cause, he volunteered under Rochambeau, as a midshipman. Thus he pursued his course, and had the honor (as he ever afterwards boasted) of spilling his blood upon the altar of freedom. He continued to serve in the navy, upon the American shores, with indefatigable courage, and distinguished himself with valor and gallantry, in several actions; and although a Count, he felt happy to serve in the petty grade of midshipman, in a cause, which resulted in the achievement of the independence of the United States. He was faithful in the hours of peril, at his post, and only returned to the bosom of his friends and relatives, when his labors, with those of his compatriots, were announced in the successful issue of all their operations; when Peace and Liberty, in beautiful triumph, were proclaimed, and every heart responded to the welcome messenger of rest and plenty.

After bidding an affectionate adieu to his American companions in arms, and travelling for a short time, through the States, he landed safe in the midst of cheering friends, who applauded the happy termination of a short, but glorious war.

The count still remained in the navy, and before he resigned his old profession, had attained to the lofty grade of a Rear admiral, and received several crosses of merit; but notwithstanding his coat, like Nelson's, was covered with ribands of various orders, he is said to have with exultation prided himself on having fought and bled for the Liberties of America; and as General Stark could only remember in his old days, the battle of Bennington, so the old Gardemarine, St. Leu, never forgot those eventful days, 'which tried men's souls.'

The Admiral, after having shared the hardships of a seafaring life, closed his mortal career in 1832; and to use the language of a friend who closed his eyes, and who announced his sufferings (from the wounds he received in America) and his death, it will be perceived that an old sailor can die the death of a christian, too.

"Dieu lui a fait une belle grace."

TINGEY.

STAFF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

There are one hundred and twenty-nine officers in the British army holding staff situations at home and abroad, besides three captains, ten lieutenants and one ensign, studying at the Military College, and thirty-one lieutenants on the recruiting staff; all holding regimental commissions.

BURIAL AT SEA.

[AN EXTRACT FROM AN OFFICER'S LOG.]

" And vague was the glare of his dark glassy eye ! "

There was a deep and settled calm upon the bosom of the ocean ; the sunbeams slept upon the waters, reflecting the shadow of our ship, in a motionless figure on the glassy wave, and the seagull's lonely shriek rent the space ; no breath of air disturbed the sleeping pendant at the mainmast head ; the ensign hung in graceful drapery from the peak, and the jack at the bowsprit head wound itself lazily around its staff ; our sails hung motionless from the yards, and it seemed as though the appearance of some supernatural figure had awed the elements ; all was still as the grave.

I sat at my desk, reflecting on the past events of the week, and the thought, that in so short a space, our commander and friend should be taken from us, by the power that gave him birth, was harrowing to our feelings. A fever, unnoticed, had at last swept him from the cares of the world ; a pious resignation marked his end, and he died, sorrowed by the little world o'er which he ruled with such mild serenity.

It was Sunday morning, and the crew had been ordered to clean themselves, when the solemn tap of the muffled drum, with the pipe of the boatswain, and his hollow sepulchral voice of " all hands bury the dead," run through the ship, and echo answered " dead." Snatching my hat I ascended the hatch, and found the crew already assembled on the quarter deck ; and as I cast my eyes around the group, I could distinguish the scalding tear, stealing down the furrowed cheeks of the hardy sailor ; even the boys felt the effects of sympathy, and wept for the friend of the mariner.—The officers were assembled aft, and as I took my place among them, the sable clothed band breathed the solemn notes of Pleyel through their instruments ; the last note had died away ere the chaplain opened his service ; he descanted in a clear distinct voice, the merits of our departed friend, and enlarged deservedly on both his public and private character, and concluded by offering a sincere prayer in behalf of the living and the dead.

The body of our late commander was borne from the cabin on the shoulders of four quartermasters, and deposited on the platform in the starboard gangway ; the flag of our country was thrown over the coffin, and his chapeau, sword and epaulets, placed upon it.

The report of the bow-gun was the signal for his body to be deposited in the sea, and as the shot fell, the platform canted, and our commander was precipitated into the depths of the ocean, as the notes of Pleyel again breathed through the band.

A gentle breeze springing up, all hands were called to make sail, and ere the sun sunk below the distant horizon, we were many miles from the grave of Captain R——.

DELTA.

At Sea, April 10th, 18—

A VISIT TO THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

In every civilized country there are institutions which attract the notice of the traveller, as he pursues his peregrination; and after surveying the topography of the empire through which he passes, his attention is arrested in the examination of the various works performed by art and industry, at the expense of a nation's gratitude. Although a certain philosopher of modern days has said, "tout est parfait dans la nature, tout dégénéré entre les mains des hommes," yet he is led to prefer, if not to admire, the workmanship and ingenuity of man. So natural is it for one to scan over and attach a greater value to the performances of art and the sciences.

The first thing which draws the attention of the foreigner as he travels through France, is the examination of the splendid improvements and embellishments which present themselves before him, almost in every town, as he journeys on. The Abbe Dupratt has remarked that Napoleon, during his reign, filled the empire with wrecks, monuments and glory. This the traveller notices nearly at every step he takes; he cannot help but sympathise over the misfortunes of that man, whose ambition led him to destruction, when his lucky star fell, to rise no more, and who certainly deserved a better fate. Nevertheless, he will continue to live when Henry IV, and Louis XIV, shall have passed away.

The "Hotel des Invalides" is a splendid building, resembling in appearance a palace, more than it does a place where objects of public gratitude and benevolence are sheltered. It stands, a lasting monument of the Emperor's parental care for the old veterans of the army. The institution was governed, or under the superintendence of a Marshal of France; other officers were detailed to various duties, and the whole management was under the military code.

After having gone around its walls, and viewed its exterior, we presented ourselves at the front gate, called "*la grande porte*," before which were two sentinels placed on each side, dressed in the uniform of the old guard. The dress was by no means new, and particularly the coat, which probably might have served in a dozen campaigns, for aught we knew. In making application to the sous-officier, whose arm was literally covered with chevrons, he immediately replied, with a twirl of his long mustachios filled with snuff, *on n'entrepoint*. Having spoken a few words in English, previously to coming to the gate, he must have taken us for some of his Britannic majesty's subjects, as we very soon afterwards found out. Upon renewing the application, we told him, that we were Americans, from the land of Washington. At the words 'American' and 'Washington,' the old vete-

ran* took off his cap and very politely exclaimed, with a visible alteration of tone, '*on entre, Messieurs.*' It was an electric shock; we soon discovered that the American name was the best passport we could present, for at this period the English were disliked, especially among the soldiery of the old school. Having entered the yard, we were gallanted in the Parisian style, at the same time *à la militaire*, to the officer of the day, who was a perfect mutilated statue, having lost the right leg, and the left arm, besides the marks of a sabre across his face which almost disfigured him. No sooner was it announced that we were citizens of the United States, than the veteran subaltern shook us by the hand and cordially welcomed us to the place, as if we had been companions of arms for years. In a short time all the officers were introduced, and such a group of broken down and decrepit men, I have never seen represented in water or oil colors. But there were notwithstanding, visible marks of genius, and what they had been in former times, brave and intrepid. Their conversation ran particularly on the subject of the recent change, and without giving their opinion of the Bourbons, they spoke very sparingly about their former master, whom they could not forget, as they cast their eyes upon the decoration of the legion of honor, which hung from their button holes. As the subject of St. Helena was mentioned, it was interrupted by the whole rising from their seats, when a little man with one eye, whom they styled "Colonel," entered, and to whom we were introduced. The colonel, in the absence of the marshal, was the king of the French Chelsea Hospital, which reminded us of the old French proverb—"dans le pays des aveugles les borgnes sont roi." The colonel had served under Louis XVI, the empire, and now sustained the same rank from the Bourbon dynasty. He was of a most jovial cast and altogether an original character. In the course of an hour's conversation, he convinced us that he was master of his profession, and enumerated some of the important services he had rendered the Imperial army upon their retreat from Moscow, in the erection of temporary bridges and pontons, &c. Upon one occasion he attributed to himself the honor of having saved three battalions, under Eugene, for which he received a brevet. This he related with a joy, characteristic of good humor, rather than vain boasting. The junior officers of the hotel fairly adored him, and every one could not help but admire in silence, the recitals he made on the sufferings through which he passed, in the memorable campaigns of Italy, Egypt and Russia. This truly great and extraordinary man amused us all with a variety of anecdotes, equally instructive and entertaining. After having regaled the company with a few flacons of the most delicious unadulterated nectar, the Colonel conducted us through the different apartments and details of the establishment.

*The old non-commissioned officer had served under Rochambeau; his eyes moistened when we told him that the Count was much beloved by the Americans—upon which he replied, that he was a perfect pattern of a faithful soldier.

The 'Hotel des Invalides' is an asylum for the soldiers who are strictly speaking, invalides, and as the institution is sustained by the Government, it is nothing more nor less than a great depot of pensioners, who are superannuated and supported on account of their faithful services, and their present incapacity of providing for themselves. Although an institution of this description would probably not suit the government of the United States, where the standing army is but small, veterans few, and wars unfrequent; yet on the Eastern continent, where whole kingdoms are soldiers, where the profession of arms has acquired more celebrity on account of its greater usefulness and importance, and where veterans are innumerable, certainly the provision made for them, in this way, is truly commendable, and deserving of the highest admiration.

It has been urged, as unfavorable to those hospitals, that they tend to idleness and laziness, but this charge is erroneous; the more so, as it is well known, that no active and young soldiers are admitted into them. They are composed of old, decrepit, and worn-out veterans, who have a strong claim upon the gratitude of their country. Besides, these institutions are under martial discipline, and possessed of every resource for the improvement of the mind.

In passing from door to door, the weather-beaten warriors were either engaged in reading, or telling the mournful tales of many a hard fight. Good order and sociability appeared to prevail generally; and to their superiors obedience was always observed. Contentment was pictured in every countenance, and they seemed as if they were in the Elysian Fields; whilst no doubt, they enjoyed the quiet repose so desirable after a long siege of toils and sufferings, consequent upon the fatigues of arduous duty and active service. On observing these venerable relics of twenty years war, who had escaped the raking fires of the united forces of almost all Europe, one could not help but exclaim—'here are the remains of those gallant sons of Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Ratisboun, Eckmuhl, Aspern, Ypersberg, Marengo, Wagram, Polosk, and Waterloo;—whilst the illustrious captive of St. Helena, who led them on to victory, and would willingly share the honors of the "hotel des invalides," is deprived of what the soldier esteems most dear, Liberty. Here are those, who, after sacrificing their youthful days in a career, which but rarely brings more than honor, are reserved as a remnant of a glorious army, to show the young soldier what he must encounter, if he escapes the "death-dealing bullets," and what he may expect for faithful service in the cause of his country.'

DESAIX.

FRENCH NAVY.

The following summary of the present strength and general distribution of the French Navy, is extracted from official documents :

The force proposed to be kept in commission and in active service for 1835, is :—

Three ships of the line—twelve frigates—fourteen sloops of war, ship-rigged—twenty-six brigs—thirty-one smaller vessels—eighteen armed transports and store ships, and six steam vessels, besides those used as packets between France and Algiers ;—making a total of one hundred and ten vessels, manned with 13,148 men.

In addition to this force, it was proposed to have equipped and partially manned in different ports, ready for any sudden emergency—two ships of the line, three frigates, and three smaller vessels, manned with 1,135 men ; and a further force, ready for immediate equipment, consisting of two ships of the line, three frigates, and eleven smaller vessels ; making a total which, it is stated, may be ready for service in three months, of seven ships of the line, eighteen frigates, and one hundred and nineteen smaller vessels.

Besides this force, their lists shew, that there are now afloat, the further number of twenty-two ships of the line, seventeen frigates, sixty-five smaller vessels and armed transports, ten bomb vessels, and seventeen steam vessels. Many of these are undoubtedly unserviceable and unfit for repair ; but from the best information on the subject, one half at least, and all of some classes, may be considered as fit for sea service. They have upon the stocks, now building, twenty-four ships of the line, twenty-six frigates, twenty sloops of war, smaller vessels and armed transports, and seven steam vessels ; of which, all, excepting three frigates and six ships of the line, might be completed within the year. The grand total of all the vessels, which the French nation could prepare for service within twelve months, according to their statement, is thirty-six ships of the line, fifty frigates, about one hundred and fifty sloops, smaller vessels and armed transports, ten bomb vessels, and thirty steam vessels.

But although they are thus well provided with vessels, it is believed that their means of manning them are less. The numbers estimated for active service in the present year are about 15,000. In addition to these, about 5,000 are employed in their dock-yards, and are eligible for immediate employment at sea, being organized into “ ships’ companies,” under a regulation adopted some years since to render the conscription available to a certain extent for the navy. As the conscripts are all taken when under twenty years of age, it is believed that the system is calculated to produce a beneficial effect on their navy. Beyond these resources, their reliance must be upon the mercantile marine, fisheries, and those classes

of their inhabitants who are liable to the maritime inscription, or system of marine registry, all of whom are bound to perform service at sea under certain restrictions and qualifications. The numbers which may be obtained from this latter source we have no means of ascertaining with any degree of accuracy, but it may be considered a liberal allowance to state them at 10,000, which would give for the numerical force of their seamen about 30,000; and if to this one tenth be added as the number of marine troops which might be associated with them, their whole numbers for sea service will amount to about 33,000 men. The vessels for which this number would be sufficient would vary according to the *classes* which might be employed; but to give some idea of the force, it may be stated as sufficient for twelve ships of the line, thirty frigates, forty sloops of war and smaller vessels, ten bomb vessels, and thirty steam vessels.

The number and rank of the officers belonging to their navy, according to the latest regulations, are three admirals, ten vice admirals, twenty rear admirals, seventy captains of ships of the line, (of which twenty-eight are of the first class, and forty-two of the second,) seventy captains of frigates, ninety captains of corvettes, (equivalent to our masters commandant;) four hundred and fifty lieutenants of ships of the line, five hundred and fifty lieutenants of frigates (formerly ensigns of ships of the line,) and three hundred midshipmen, of which two hundred are of the first, and one hundred of the second class. Authority is also given for three additional flag officers, eligible only for duty on shore, in consequence of age or of infirmity, which may disqualify them for service at sea.

Their pay, when at sea, is nearly as follows:

Admiral—not yet determined.

Vice Admiral, - - - \$ 8,850

Rear Admiral, - - - 7,270

Commodore, } if captain of first class, 4,440
 } if captain of second class, 4,315

Captain of ship of the line, first class, 3,315

do second class, 3,200

Captain of frigate, - - 2,675

Captain of corvette - - 1,878

Lieutenant commanding - - 1,476 to 1,362

Lieutenant of ship of the line - 681

do of frigate - - 568

Midshipman of first class, - 253

do of second class - 195

It is to be observed that the designation of captain or lieutenant of ship of the line or frigate, &c. is a title designating rank, not employment.

M.

THE DRAGOON TO HIS STEED.

Thine eagle course, my steed, hath been,
By Osark's hills of living green ;
And thou hast trod the Sioux glen—
Fleet wonder of her plumed men.
Oh ! lovely are the sky-arched plains,
Where fitful spring in beauty reigns ;
Fann'd on her throne, by winds that bear
Sweet murmurs to the Pawnee's ear.

There was thy wide home, prairie born !
And free as air—thy spirit worn
By no stern rule of human hand.
In joy ye led the maned band,
Thy vassals fleet, to feed at will,
On sunny slope and swelling hill ;
Or bound, lashed by their own wild mirth,
In troops that shook the breast of earth.

The spoiler came : steel strength was vain ;
Thy free born spirit felt the chain,
And thou wert wrung from thy wild herd,
To crouch in fear—a plume-torn bird,
Shaft-smitten on his path of speed.
Oh, I have heard thee, vanquished steed,
Shriek to the wide air, when thine eye
Oped, as we swept those old scenes by !

And as the wrung bark's every spar
Quakes 'neath the elemental war,
Oft have I seen thine oak limbs quiver,
And felt thy strong frame bend and shiver:
When, startled by the intruder's step,
Thy brothers came with bound and leap,
Tossing their free manes on the blast—
Free children of the boundless waste.

By Opelousas' bayou deep,
When twilight winds, to fitful sleep
Had lull'd the wild duck on its tide,
Fondly the long grass swept thy side.
Steed ! moons have passed since that bright eve ;
Yet time's broad waves against it heave,
In idle wrath ; 'twill ever be
A star-lit isle in memory's sea.

'Twas not, that gentle nature wore
Her richest garb, on that lone shore ;
'Twas not that ne'er met human eye,
A brighter wave—a bluer sky ;
Unmarked were hues of wave and air !
A dark haired forest girl was there ;
Honied of voice and lotus eyed—
An Undine by her native tide !

When northern hills their haught heads rear,
 Long ere the leaf—then fresh—was sere,
 A song bird to my bosom clung,
 And lays of joyaunce sweetly sung.
 She told a wild and touching tale,
 Of one who sought a southern vale,
 And on his brave steed fondly bore
 A maiden from her youth's green shore.

Wide Opelousas' lakes have been
 Kissed by five summers, since the din
 Of rattling hoof and haughty horn
 Followed thee, steed, from eve till morn.
 And now young tones thy rough heart soothe,
 And childish fingers gently smoothe
 Thy sable mane's each straggling tress,
 Deck'd still in youth's dark loveliness.

Old comrade of the iron heart!
 Till death's keen pangs life's tether part,
 I will thee cherish! stark and true,
 Of all the throngs my young years knew.
 Alone wert thou through shine and shower,
 And gratitude's unfading flower
 Shall shed its bloom, thy path beside,
 Fleet winner of my forest bride!

C.

A STAMPEDO.

The rain, which had been falling ever since we commenced pitching our tents, had, long before it became dark, drenched every thing in and about the guard tents—paying its respects, as it struck me, most *particularly* to my person; on which, I may safely say, not a dry thread could have been found, even if the discovery had ensured me a majority.

Our camp was situated in a grove, or island of timber, in a marshy prairie. Not a tree but would elsewhere have been entitled to that favorite appellation among romance writers, "patriarch of the forest;" and many, "full of years and honors," now covered with their prostrate trunks the ground they had so long shaded,—leaving, in some instances, their roots, and in others, portions of their rent and rotting trunks, to the great jeopardy of the lower limbs of such as were called forth in the dark by business or pleasure. And *pitchy* dark it might well be called; not a star was visible, though from time to time, at short intervals, vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by tremendous bursts of thunder made, for

an instant, every thing visible, and then left the *blackness*, if possible, deeper than before. Two or three trees were shivered by lightning, within a stone's throw of the guard.

The guard to which I belonged was posted in the advance; and consisted of about thirty regulars, and about twice that number of militia. For a long time, nearly every man of the guard, off post, was engaged in the struggle against the elements produced by the effort on our part to keep up the fires, which the rain appeared equally determined to extinguish. We were finally forced to succumb; and notwithstanding mountains of wood and brush, and the kindest nursing, our fires were fairly quenched, and we were left, about eleven o'clock, drenched, chilled, and in total darkness.

Many applications from the militia portion of the guard had been made, for leave to visit their tents; all of which, for particular causes, were peremptorily refused. I nevertheless overheard one of these disappointed applicants threatening to have his own way in the matter when he should be placed on post. "What the devil is the use of standing in the rain?" was the concluding portion of his half whispered remarks; "my rifle's half full of water, and rusted *at that*. Now the way I'll *break for the fodder stack will be the right way!*" I mention the above remark, because, in consequence, I determined to take special care that the speaker should not carry his resolution into effect, at least without my knowledge. His relief mounted at one o'clock.

Between one and two in the morning, the rain still pouring in torrents, I visited the sentinels on post, and was specially engaged in groping my way alone, to ascertain if my friend, the militia man, had *broke*, as he promised, when my ear caught the sound of unusual noises. There were, in and about the camp, about fifteen hundred horses; some of them at large, but the greater number picketted, or otherwise confined. Those picketted near me began to manifest symptoms of alarm—snorting and jumping.

I listened, and could plainly hear a jarring, rumbling noise at a distance, which rapidly increased; such a sound as may be imagined to precede an earthquake. I could distinctly feel the ground tremble as the sound increased. In an instant more, a most diabolical yell burst forth from a hundred throats—evidently *Indian throats*, and for the first time I recollected the threat of the enemy, as reported by the Pottawatomies, that the first rainy night after we should be encamped near them, they would attack us; adding also, that their spears would do great execution, while the fire-arms of the soldiers would be useless from the effects of the rain. We were now, as we had understood, but four miles from their headquarters; and I began to fancy that my place was with my guard. For the guard, then, I started on a run, but had not gained twenty steps of the distance, before stumbling over one of the stumps spoken of above, I continued my course, (such was my impetus,) horizontally through the air for an instant, and then alighted—my hands and face buried in the mud, through which I am confident my nose must have ploughed a respectable furrow for some dis-

tance ; a rusty sword which I carried in my hand continued its course some feet farther. I lay stunned for a moment, and then scrambled again on my feet, scraped from my eyes and nostrils a portion of their earthy covering, regained my weapon by groping, and then limped on with rather more caution, until I gained the guard, whom I found forming, and who were quickly in as good condition to repel attack as the nature of things would admit.

Although I had heard the troops forming as I passed along the camp, and could distinguish the voices of the officers of my own regiment hurriedly ordering their men to "turn out," I soon became convinced it was not an attack. In short, it was a *stampede*.

The noise now became absolutely tremendous. A thousand steeds, perfectly ungovernable, came rushing blindly and madly in a mass through the camp, overturning all in their way ; tents and wagons, and packs, and even men, formed no obstacle to their furious career ; though at times a fallen tree or a heavy wagon, as we afterwards discovered, maimed or crippled some individuals among them. Mingled with their stamping, neighing and snorting, were yells, shouts, shrieks and groans. On they came, heeding nothing, and away they passed through the camp, like a whirlwind, the roar of their hoofs marking their progress to the ear, although the utter darkness rendered it impossible to see them.

Until day-light we could hear some of them still careering furiously in every direction, though many had passed off to the distance of miles. In the morning we learned some of the casualties of the night. The alarm among the horses, the cause of which was unknown, had commenced in the neighborhood of that portion of the camp occupied by the friendly Indians, (some 120 Winnebago and Pottawatomie chiefs and warriors, who were kept by the General as hostages for the good conduct of their nations ;) and the yell I first heard arose from them, in a vain attempt to turn back the advancing horses. Many of our men were seriously injured ; several arms and legs were broken, and I not sure that lives were not lost. Several of the horses were never again heard of.

After this, at every night's encampment, I never failed, if possible, to place my tent in the vicinity of a stout tree ; determining to avoid personal conflict with an army of mad horses.

The word which heads this article is a North American attempt to adopt a Spanish word into our language ; but is an entire failure, so far as relates to obtaining the true Spanish sound ; nevertheless, *stampede* is expressive, and is in general use among those, who have witnessed similar occurrences. C.

THE SOLDIER.

—"With the cares due to men, from whose patriotism, valor, and obedience, they are to expect a part of their own reputation and glory."

ART. 2. PAR. 3.

The profession of arms is of ancient date. We need not go to Adam's early progeny to prove the antiquity of our order; nor to the first soldier, who taught the first practical lesson in the science of war. History, in almost every page, places the warrior in the foremost rank, and there he will remain, at least "until nations shall learn war no more; when the sword shall be beaten into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks."

The career of arms has become as illustrious for the range of human intellect it embraces, as for its antiquity. From the rank and file to the highest grade, it presents an extensive and wide field of improvement. Genius and talents have ever found it a nursery, and, never was an institution more calculated to improve the mind of man, and teach the young idea how to shoot.' During the present century, who can tell the proficiency which the military may make in that science, which has already immortalized thousands in both hemispheres. Who can foretell the events, which may call the soldier, amidst the 'wars and rumors of wars,' and relying upon the lucky star of his profession, to defend the country against a foreign foe; thus requiring the genius of a Washington, the sagacity of a Knox, and the intrepidity of a Marion.

But as the profession of arms embraces all grades, from the simple grenadier to the field marshal, permit me to introduce the lowest in the army; that of the private, or, as is commonly called, the rank and file; a situation the least enviable in the military list, as he is subject to the orders of all, from the General-in-chief down to the petty corporal; and although it is enjoined that he be not abused with unbecoming language, or by capricious or tyrannical conduct, yet, in general, he is but little thought of. If we consult the annals of all battles, we but seldom, if ever, notice the noble action of a single private soldier recorded. Generals, colonels, and all officers, even the non-commissioned officers, are praised and exalted for their gallantry, but not a word of the poor private, unless announced in general orders—"the troops behaved well." Bonaparte, perhaps the first who had shown the example of rewarding merit, however obscure, oftentimes failed in this particular, unless performed immediately before his eyes; then a reward was sure to follow. Those who have read his campaigns, will probably recollect the ill-fated dragoon, who was a private, but a man of talents and daring intrepidity. We shall relate it in the language of one of his Aids—"Napoleon, being on the point of commencing one of his great battles in Italy, was disposing his troops in the order of attack, when a light dragoon, issuing forth from the ranks, requested of the General a few minutes private

conversation, with which Napoleon acquiesced, when the soldier thus addressed " :—' General, if you proceed to adopt such and such measures, the enemy must be defeated.' ' Wretched man! ' exclaimed Bonaparte, ' hold your tongue, you will not sure betray my secret,'—at the same time placing his hand before the mouth of the dragoon."

The simple fact is, that the soldier in question was possessed of as great an inherent military capacity as Bonaparte himself, and appreciated every arrangement necessary to insure victory. The battle terminating in favor of Napoleon, he issued orders that the poor fellow should be conducted to his presence; but all search after him proved fruitless; he was no where to be found; a bullet had, no doubt, terminated his military career. His name was afterwards ascertained; but no mention of him exists in the orders. Thus the most transcendent merit will frequently bud and die in obscurity. Had he been a colonel, a marshal's staff would have been awarded him; or at least his name would not have been passed by, unnoticed and neglected. Probably thousands of cases, similar to this, have transpired and are only remembered by their fellow companions in the ranks. Thus a private soldier may have fought the battles of his country, and followed his General through the sands of Egypt or the snows of Russia, and yet terminate his career, in melancholy silence or chilling contempt; and if he escapes the dangers of a thousand battles, he is scarcely believed when he tells that he was in one of them. We might search the archives of all the armies, without finding another LATOUR D'Auvergne, who was equal to the Prince de la Moskowa in bravery and dauntless courage, and who could never be prevailed upon to accept a generalship, but died 'au champ d'honneur,' with the simple grade of first private or grenadier of the empire.

An institution, which has so many claims to fame and respectability, should never neglect the least of its members with partiality. What the child is to the parent, the private is to the General, or least officer commanding; and from him he expects justice and kind treatment, as a member of the same family. When he feels this, his attachment has no bounds; he is ready to cover his superior with his body, when the shell heaves in sight, as did Muron in Egypt, and receive the mortal wound. The voice of his leader is at all times a stimulus for action and victory; he is ready to follow him before the mouth of the cannon, and at the tremendous passage of Arcola and Lodi.

Every one knows the reply of the old soldier, whom the Count d' Artois endeavored to bring over to the king.—" No, sir," was his answer, " there is not a soldier who will fight against his father. I can only answer you by crying, ' long live the Emperor. ' "

RAPP.

FROM NILES' WEEKLY REGISTER.

THE DRY RÔT.

H. Niles, Esq. Baltimore :

DEAR SIR :—I send you herewith a copy of a communication that I caused to be placed in the Navy Department at Washington last winter, which I wish you to publish in your useful Register, for the benefit of those who may see proper to make use of it, and oblige, dear sir, your obedient servant,

WM. PATTERSON.

Baltimore, 18th October, 1834.

DRY ROT.

The dry rot in ships of war and merchant vessels has long been a subject of serious and anxious concern. Many plans for their preservation from this evil have been suggested and tried without success. Having, for a long series of years, had considerable experience as constructor, owner and employer, of merchant vessels; and, believing that I have succeeded, (at least I have succeeded to my own satisfaction,) in preserving ships of this description, as long as they are likely to be useful or profitable; and I therefore feel prompted to unfold my plans and my experience to the Navy Department.

In order that those plans and that experience may be the better understood, I shall commence with my situation and observations in early life.

In the year 1766, at a very early age, I was placed in the counting house of a shipping merchant in Philadelphia, which city was, at that time, celebrated perhaps beyond any other place in America for fine vessels. My employers were largely engaged in the shipping business—they built a ship or vessel every year or two; here I had a favorable opportunity of seeing and becoming familiar with the building, equipage, and employing of merchant sea vessels.—Owing to these circumstances, I acquired so great an attachment and fondness for vessels, that they have adhered to me through a long life. Then, as now, the speedy decay of ships was a matter of serious consideration, and every scheme for their preservation that was suggested, was tried, but without answering any useful purpose. Some merchants, in building vessels, allowing their frames, when raised, to remain for a length of time on the stocks exposed to the weather; others smeared the timbers with fish oil; and others again used oil and paint; all of these experiments were attended with little or no success. In one instance I knew the frame of a vessel to be plied with fish oil throughout an entire summer; and in the fall of the year, when she was about to be finished, it was

discovered that the oil had not penetrated the timbers more than a quarter or an half of an inch. This proved to be of little or no protection and the experiment was abandoned. In another instance I knew of a very fine vessel built (for a Charleston packet) with so much care, that she required no caulking nor repairs for four years; at the end of that time, when she was carried into dock to be caulked, she was found to be so totally destroyed by the dry rot as to be unworthy of repair, and was broken up. Her rapid decay was attributed to the unusual care which had been taken of her whilst running.

Some few, even at that early period, made use of salt: but a great prejudice existed against this mode, owing to the belief that it corroded the iron fastenings, (copper was not then used in fastening our vessels,) and the apprehension that the dampness in a salted vessel might be injurious to the cargo.

I became a ship owner in the year 1773, and one of my first consideration was, how should I preserve that description of property from speedy decay? Observing that timber, when sunk deep in swamps or in the water, lasted for ages, I conceived that exclusion from the air and saturating the pores of the wood with moisture, must be the true secret for its preservation. Reflecting on this circumstance, and perceiving that the wooden floors of warehouses, used for the storage of Bay salt, were always damp in moist weather, I was led to the conclusion that Bay salt, properly applied, must have the effect of preserving timber. Under this impression, I adopted the following plan with all the vessels I have had built from that time till the present, (a period of more than sixty years, as I am still a ship owner:) While building, when the bends and bottom planks are on, and before ceiling, I have caused three sets of stoppers to be placed fore and aft, between all the timbers, to keep the salt in its place. The first tier of stoppers are placed at the floor heads; the second immediately below the lower deck beams; and the third between decks just above the air streak, common in all double-decked vessels. Air streaks are left above the first and second tiers of stoppers, for the purpose of adding more salt as the previous supplies of that article settle or are dissolved. Just before finishing the ceiling of the vessel, the salt is filled in among all the timbers, from the lowest tier of stoppers to the upper deck, taking care that the salt in the upper tier is well rammed down, (if wetted so much the better:) for, after the plank-shears are laid and secured in their places, the salt cannot be replaced without incurring too much trouble and expense.

Having experienced great difficulty in preserving large timbers, (especially transoms,) above light water mark, I have, of late years, had such pieces bored through the centre with an augur of two inches or two inches and a half in diameter; these holes are filled with wetted salt, and then plugged at both ends before placing the timbers in the vessel.

In the forward and after parts of the vessel, where the timbers are so close together that salt cannot be introduced among them,

I have found it necessary to incase the timber and confine the salt in this way. In one instance I had all of the knees and the steps of the masts, in a fine ship, boxed in and filled with salt: this answered a very good purpose, but it is too troublesome in merchant vessels.

I have not only salted my vessels in the manner pointed out above, in the first instance, but I have had them examined carefully every two or three years, and where the salt has wasted or settled, a fresh supply has been added.

In all my experience, I have never found a defective timber in vessels thus prepared, and thus taken care of; and I am persuaded that the dry rot may be entirely prevented by adopting the above precautions. As a proof of the good effects of the above mode, I will add that I have two vessels now running, which are perfectly sound and trust-worthy: one of them is thirty-one years old, and the other twenty-five, and the only repairs that have been given to their hulls were the renewal of the waist planks of both, and the quarter-deck of one of them. This was not owing to the decay of the plank, but to the circumstance of its being fastened with iron; the corrosion of the iron caused openings where it passed through the wood: had copper fastenings been used, the decays would not have happened. I think all vessels of war ought to be secured with copper fastenings, and no iron ought to be used when it can possibly be avoided.

I have seldom used the live oak in the construction of vessels, as it is hard to work, and too heavy for merchant ships. I greatly prefer the timber of our bay—white oak, locust, cedar, and yellow pine. I use the white oak for the frames and for plank from the keel up to and including the bends. From the bends to the upper deck, I form the frame of locust and red cedar, an equal number of pieces of either kind, alternately distributed. The sides, quick-work, decks, upper beams, and carlins are formed of the heart of yellow pine. Latterly, I have fastened the sides and decks with copper.

My vessels have generally been employed on long voyages, to the East Indies and to South America; and to guard against delay and accidents on such voyages, I have fitted them out in the following manner. They are copper fastened, then sheathed with yellow pine boards one inch in thickness, put on with copper nails of two inches or two inches and a half in length; a layer of strong paper dipped in tar, is placed between the pine boards and the bottom of the vessel; and another layer of paper, prepared in like manner, is placed between the pine boards and the copper. The copper sheathing that I use weighs from twenty-eight to thirty-two ounces the square foot. In this way the vessel may be said to have five bottoms; two of wood, two of paper and one of copper. They are so tight that it is necessary to have cocks, through which water may be introduced into the hold to keep the vessel sweet. An additional advantage is, that they may be run with safety two or three years longer than they could do, if they were coppered on a single bottom of wood.

One of my vessels ran seventeen years and wore out three sets of sheathing copper before I removed the pine boards. Fearing then that the main bottom might require some attention in consequence of the decay of the oakum, I stripped off the sheathing boards and discovered to my surprise, that the bottom and seams were in perfect good order; indeed it appeared as if the water had never penetrated into the main bottom, and that the sheathing of wood might have remained on with safety, for many years longer.

The year before the breaking out of the late war with Great Britain, I commenced building a fine vessel, and had her frame raised, her bends on, and bottom planked, when I determined to proceed no farther. I erected a shed over the vessel, under which she remained four years before I concluded to finish her. All possible care was taken of her, yet some of the large pieces of timber were found defective, especially the transoms; timbers eighteen inches square were found to be entirely destroyed by the dry rot, although the exterior exhibited no symptoms of unsoundness. It was owing to this circumstance that I resorted to the above recited plan of boring the large timbers and filling the holes with salt.

For the preservation of vessels of war, the method which I have pointed out, and which I have pursued, would be of great consequence: it would save millions annually to those governments, which, from choice or necessity, keep fleets in commission.

The only difficulty in the way of its introduction arises from the prejudice against the use of salt, under the impression that it causes too great a degree of moisture in the places allotted for the accommodation of the officers and crews. I have experienced no inconvenience in this respect, when the cabins are lined with dry boards, attached to the inner ceiling. Nor have I, in any instance, found that any damage has happened to the cargoes in consequence of the moisture.

To overcome any inconvenience that might be apprehended, it is only necessary to prepare the accommodations for the officers and men in ships of war, by fastening strips of plank an inch thick up and down, to the sides, to which strips a sheathing of dry boards can be attached. This will effectually prevent the escape of the moisture. The northern and eastern fronts of our country houses are sometimes secured in this manner, from north-east storms.

I have mentioned bay salt as the only kind that ought to be used for the preservation of vessels, owing to its quality of giving in moist weather; dry stoved salt does not possess this quality, and is therefore unsuitable.

I have had some experience with fast sailing vessels, vulgarly called *Baltimore clippers*, and have witnessed their rise and progress in two wars. Some of them have performed wonders; it is only necessary to say, that they require great care and judgment in their construction and equipment, and they should be commanded by men trained in their management.

WILLIAM PATTERSON.

Baltimore, 26th February, 1831.

DRY ROT.—This interminable subject has again been brought before us ; the Admiralty having ordered the respective officers of this Dock-yard to report on a piece of timber, which, with two others, as is usual, formed one of the orlop deck beams of H. M. Ship Windsor Castle. From what we can learn, one of the beam pieces alluded to was newly felled, and full of sap juices up to the time of its being worked ; in this state it was submitted to an operation, suggested by Mr. Body, of Devonport, of paying the timber with a certain composition, and then submitting it to a regulated atmosphere, heated to a specific degree for a definite period ; whilst the other pieces had undergone the process of seasoning in the way usually practised in our Dock-yard, i. e. laid up in unexposed situations for a length of time, which Mr. Body's suggestion is intended to supersede ; hence he calculated that twenty hours practice of his plan would at least be equal to twenty years of the old plan. Now it is well known that winter-felled timber, when properly taken care of in seasoning, is the most durable we have known ; so then if Mr. Body's suggestion renders newly felled timber, replete with sap juices, equal to the winter felled alluded to, then must there be a great advantage gained both in time and in expense, with the satisfaction of a determined beneficial result. The beam has been in the position alluded to ever since the large repair which the Windsor Castle underwent about ten years since. In the examination referred to, the ends of the beams, which are of course the parts most liable to decay, were surveyed in particular, and we understand found in an equal state of soundness.—*Plymouth Journal*.

DRY ROT.—This topic has begun once more to attract the notice which it so eminently deserves. A letter has just appeared in the *Times* from a Mr. Murray, a rival projector, which alleges that consequences the most pernicious to the health of the sailor might be anticipated if timber prepared according to the system of Mr. Kyan were extensively employed in the construction of a ship. "That it may prevent dry rot," says Mr. Murray, "I do not mean to deny, but that it will destroy the health of those on board seems certain. It may be true that dry corrosive sublimate will not rise in vapor at common temperatures, but when in contact with moisture, conjoined with an elevated temperature, and perhaps an electric atmosphere, it is evident to me that it must mingle with the circumjacent air ; and yet I do not dispute the finite extent of evaporation. Unquestionably the muriate of mercury will be decomposed by the sulphuretted hydrogen of the bilge water, and from sulphuret of mercury, and when aided by a tropical temperature, and decomposed, it can no longer, as muriate of mercury, stay the progress of dry rot. It should also be observed that iron or steel in contact will also decompose this salt, and reduce it to globules of running mercury ; and a variety of other means will accomplish its decomposition, such as quick lime, potassa, &c. Insect life may, by previous contact with it, impregnate every descrip-

tion of food with a virulent poison ; and if the atmosphere be impregnated with mercurial effluvia, not only will it be absorbed by respiration and the cuticular surface, but animal and vegetable substances used as food will also be inoculated with it ; and in tropical countries, especially, these ships will be as injurious to human health as the quicksilver mines of Idria or Almaden. No one has ever attempted to prove that sulphuret of mercury will remain fixed, and mercury at common temperatures, it is notorious, will vaporize and impregnate the atmosphere." We learn also from the *Devonport Telegraph*, that an order was received last week at that dock-yard to institute further inquiry respecting the effects of Mr. Body's cure for this insidious disease. "The officers of this dock-yard," (we quote the *Telegraph*,) "have been directed by the Board of Admiralty again to survey and report upon the experimental timber which was found in actual service more than ten years ago in the repair of His Majesty's ship Windsor Castle, at this port. This timber consists in the parts of an orlop-beam of that ship. The timber in the beams of ships having been found in the experience of the surveyors of the late Navy Board to be most accustomed to decay through the influence of dry rot, were fixed upon by them for this purpose, and green timber, full of sap juice, prepared for beams, was delivered to Mr. Body to operate upon for the trial of his process. After the most searching inspection of this timber, and especially of the ends of the beam, the parts most liable to decay, which were subjected to rigorous examination, the officers have reported to the Admiralty that it was quite sound, perfectly free from fungus, or from any symptom indicative of dry rot, and showing as perfect appearance of seasoned timber as any timber which had been otherwise seasoned in the ship."

DRY ROT.—Mr. Kyan has addressed a letter to a London morning paper, stating that a long course of experiment has satisfied Professor Faraday and Dr. Birkbeck, that no possible danger to the health of a ship's company could be apprehended from the employment of his remedy for this disease in timber.

MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—Two physicians at Gottingen have, it is declared, lately discovered that the oxphydrat of iron is an infallible antidote against arsenical poison. As the oxphydrat of iron is perfectly innocuous, this discovery is peculiarly interesting.

The following is a table of the number of French ships on the different naval stations in all parts of the globe :—Newfoundland and Iceland, 4 ; Mexico and Cuba, 2 ; the Antilles, 13 ; Brazils and South America, 11 ; Islands of Bourbon and Madagscar, 2 ; Western coast of Africa, 9 ; Levant, 7 ; Algiers, 21 ; the different ports and stations on the coast of France, 46 ; reserve for the coast of France in the Mediterranean, 21 ; reserve for the coast of France on the ocean, 22.—Total, 158.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

On the morning of the day that the memorable battle of Brandywine occurred, Parson Hurt, who was commonly called the 'High Priest' by the army, he being nearly seven feet in height, had scarcely commenced delivering a prayer to his regiment, when the firing began on one wing of the encampment, which rendered it necessary that he should not dwell long on his subject. He therefore soon concluded with these words:—

"Remember, brethren, that those who die in battle, sup with the Lord," and then wheeled about and was marching off, when Col. James Ennis, of Virginia called to him, and said: "Parson, are you not going to the battle?"

"No, Colonel, I am not," he replied, "for the lord knows I never eat supper."

EDITOR'S OLIO.

MAMMOTH REMAINS.—A party of Sac Indians have lately discovered, imbedded in a small river which empties into the Mississippi, on the west side, and near the lower rapids, the bones of an animal, which, from the description given, must have been much larger than the mammoth. The Indians who gave an account of these bones, say that they have often observed them as they passed in their canoes up and down the river, but mistook them to be, what are usually called in the West, snags—so much have they the appearance of trunks of trees. They would never have known otherwise, had it not been for the accidental stroke of a tomahawk, which induced them, from the resistance, to examine more closely; when it was discovered, to their surprise, that what appeared to be wood, was bone in a state of petrification. In a cave, not far from the spot where these bones were found, a number of smaller bones have been discovered, some of which were taken out by an Indian, who shortly after died. This circumstance induced the others to believe that the Great Spirit had caused his death for having disturbed the bones, and consequently they were replaced in the cave, all except about one third of a tooth, which has been brought to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. This part of a tooth is in a perfect state of petrification, and weighs between six and seven pounds; the wavy surface, common to all animals that feed on grass or herbs, is perfectly distinct.

As the distance across the country from Fort Armstrong is not more than thirty or forty miles, it is contemplated by some of the officers of that post, to make up a party for the purpose of further investigation, and to collect the bones, provided they can prevail on the Indians to conduct them to the spot.—This will be impracticable at present, as the Sacs and Foxes have made an at-

tack on the Menominees and Winnebagoes, and killed four or five of the first, and ten or twelve of the latter. The commanding officers at Fort Crawford and Fort Armstrong have adopted prompt measures to secure the aggressors, several of whom have already been taken, and are placed in confinement. It will probably be some time before tranquillity is restored.

ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE.—We are making arrangements to commence the regular publication of this paper, the first week in January. We would ask those who have not yet subscribed, and intend to do so, to forward their names without delay. A remittance from those who have already subscribed, but not paid, will be very acceptable, as money will be much needed in the early stage of the publication.

LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION.—About a year since, the officers of the second Infantry, stationed at Hancock Barracks, set a praiseworthy example by an almost general subscription to the Magazine. Recently, this good feeling has been still further developed by an additional subscription of one copy for each company attached to the post, and one individual officer. Almost every officer at Hancock Barracks takes the Magazine; and there are besides more subscribers to the work among the officers of the second infantry than in any other regiment in the army, in proportion to numbers. If every regiment and post would do as well, we should have no cause to complain of want of encouragement. We cannot allow so generous a manifestation of liberality to pass by, without a public expression of thanks.

LIGHT HOUSES IN THE GULF OF FLORIDA.—Captain Kitson of the Royal Engineers, has been authorised by the British government, to make contracts for building a Light House near the "Hole in the Wall," on the island of Abaco; and another on Gun Cay, on the western edge of the grand Bahama Bank, nearly opposite to Cape Florida. Small dwellings are likewise to be erected at each of the above named places.

Commodore Porter, our charge d'affaires at Constantinople, has caused to be purchased on his own account by our consular agent at Salonica, and has transmitted as a present to the U. S. Naval Lyceum, New York, a very ancient and valuable specimen of Grecian sculpture, which is on board the frigate United States, in charge of Captain Ballard.

We shall commence the publication of official reports from the War and Navy Departments in the January number.

The two statues, emblematic of Peace and War, executed in Italy, by Mr. Persico, and imported in the frigate Constellation, have arrived safely in Washington, and are placed, for the present, in the Rotundo of the Capitol. They are cut in the Carara marble of the finest description.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MILITARY AND NAVAL MAGAZINE.

STAFF OF THE ARMY.

SIR:—A friend of mine, interested in the affairs of the army, has presented to me, for my perusal, the numbers of your valuable Magazine. I discover, in your number for March, a communication in favor of the right of superior Staff Officers to retain their rank in the line of the Army.

In a subsequent number a communication signed "Justitia Fiat," denying and contesting such right; and in a still later number two communications, signed "Marcellus" and R. Jones, in answer to "Justitia Fiat;" and in your number for September, an answer by "Justitia Fiat" to "Marcellus" and R. Jones. On an attentive examination of all these communications, I must confess my partiality to the reasoning of "Justitia." The argument of the latter, if not satisfactory to the Adjutant General, must, I think, to all disinterested persons, be convincing and conclusive. It is an old saying that "it is a bad rule that wont work both ways."

If Col. Jones can legally hold both offices to which he lays claim, then can he alternate in the duties of both? Can he leave his Adjutant Generalcy and repair to, and do duty with his regiment? We presume not. Can he perform the duties of both offices? We presume not. Can he draw pay and emolument for both offices? He does not presume that he can. For what reason, then, is the majority of the second Artillery kept vacant—for it is in effect vacant—*cui bono*? Why, there is an absurdity in it, and I might even say a churlishness, that puts me in mind of the story of the dog in the manger. What clause of the law of the 2d March 1821 provides, that the 1st, 3d, and 4th Regiments of Artillery should have the services of all their field officers, and that the second regiment should be permanently deprived of one of theirs? Is the majority of the 2nd regiment to be kept vacant during the lifetime of Colonel Jones? Or in case he elects to degrade himself, or rather, in his phrase, to promote himself to serve as Major of the 2nd Artillery, is the office of Adjutant General to be kept vacant during his natural life? Suppose under any circumstances, he should return to duty in his regiment, as Major of Artillery, could he continue to hold his Adjutant Generalcy, very properly termed a "*locum tenens*?" "Justitia" states, that when the army was organized under the law of 2d March 1821, there were retained thirty-three field officers of regiments and seven superior staff officers; the latter allowed none, and holding no rank in the line; making forty individuals holding forty offices, and that Congress subsequently appropriated for the pay and emoluments of these forty individuals. Now, if this be the fact, I do not hesitate to assert without fear of contradiction, that the appropriation for forty individuals holding these forty offices was equivalent to a resolution of Congress declaratory of its opinion that the law was then strictly complied with. Suppose all the seven superior staff officers should all resign or die, or be dismissed, and their places supplied (as they no doubt would be) from the field or platoon officers of regiments, and they should continue to hold their places in their regiments; as "Justitia" very justly observes, what a strange mutilation of regiments would this circumstance exhibit? and what a gloomy prospect of promotion would it present to the junior officers of the army? And what a glaring act of injustice to the line of the army, that they could not succeed to these vacancies; and what partiality to the selected few, that they should be advanced to higher offices and to more elevated and lucrative situations, without the possibility of the mass of the officers to move an inch in advance, to supply the places of their more favored associates, who had abandoned their duties in the line for higher rank and preferable appointments!

Having once been attached to the army, and having friends in it for whom I feel a deep interest, I have therefore put the foregoing interrogations in hope of soliciting all the information that the subject is susceptible of. It appears to me

as clear as the sun at noon day, according to "Justitia," that the officers of the line are suffering injustice, either from a want of the prompt execution of the law, or from its being a bad one in itself. I consider it the duty of those who have friends in the army, if they are aggrieved, to aid them in measures of redress. The attention of the President should be invoked to the case of Col. Jones, that he might nominate Brevet Major Heileman to be Major of 2nd Artillery, *vice* Jones promoted to Adjutant General, and if he thinks the law of 1821 provides for his retaining both offices, then that law is a bad one and should be abolished, and I have no doubt he would recommend it, "*Malus usus abolendus est.*" Let the case be brought before Congress, and the odious feature of the law, which allows of such injustice and absurdity, be expunged. Let an appeal be made to the President; he has no pets to provide for, no partialities to gratify, and is above heaping favors upon one officer at the expense of and to the prejudice of others equally meritorious. If I obtain more information you may probably hear from me again.

AYONS DE BONNE GUERRE.

There is much in the foregoing communication which is objectionable; but in the spirit of independence and impartiality which we have ever maintained, we have concluded to insert it, the same channel being open to those who entertain adverse opinions. We are not disposed to quarrel with a writer about his style, but we cannot refrain from observing that there is more of the '*argumentum ad hominem*' throughout, than is appropriate to the occasion.—
EDITOR.

TO LIEUT. ARTHUR TREMAINE, U. S. ARMY.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—I fear that in a laudable zeal to improve the manners of our worthy Alma Mater, you have slightly erred in judgment, concerning the classification of new cadets for instruction in French; whereby you have unintentionally impeached the wisdom, if not the justice of those, whose judgment I still suspect to be riper and stronger than our own. You go further, and assign this classification as the indirect cause of that blind hostility which has sprung up against the Military Academy, in several of the western states. But let us briefly and calmly reason the matter; laying aside personal ridicule, —that ungenerous weapon, to which the wisest, best, and most learned, are equally obnoxious with ourselves.

The facts are these. A class of one hundred young gentlemen is to commence the study of the French language at the academy, and their standing or relative merit in this branch is to affect their promotion in the army. Some of them speak French fluently, while others are ignorant of all the principles of language. If then, they be arranged in the order of their acquirements, those who have already studied French, will at once proceed to translation; those who by the study of greek, latin &c., are acquainted with the general principles of grammar, will pass rapidly through the rudiments, and soon begin to study French authors; while those who cannot distinguish a noun from a verb, must of necessity progress more slowly, unless there be some new mode of learning a language, without learning its principles and its constituent parts or the words which compose it. This method therefore seems to me the best because it saves the time of the more advanced pupil, and allots to each the stage of instruction which he requires. Hearing the first section recite in *Gil Blas*, is not the way to learn the French alphabet.

But suppose the class to be arranged alphabetically, and the fluent French scholar placed beside a very good young man, whether from the East or West, who never saw a French book. *Quere*, how long ought they to stay so, my dear Arthur, on the principle of strict justice? Would not the time of the one be thrown away, till the other had made comparable attainments? Would not the one feel still more consequential while the other was pronouncing his letters? The effect on the former would be to set him down just for the sake of hoisting him up again; while the reverse operation on the latter could not be quite so agree-

able, even on the ancient and admired principle of *see-saw*. Indeed, my friend, the present practice is just and fair, for you and I know, that transfers were freely made backward and forward till each candidate had found his own equilibrium; and that this was generally pretty fairly settled at the January examination, if not sooner. We know that if any young gentleman could not learn French, either through neglect or want of capacity, raising and lowering him ever so often, placing him first or last, would not increase his proficiency. And were the same principle adopted of classing the candidates according to their acquirements in Algebra, I doubt whether it would materially change the standing from what it now is at the end of six weeks, while the more proficient would thereby find leisure to prosecute their studies still farther than the time will now permit.

Indeed, Arthur, I do not believe that a single cadet was ever unjustly dismissed by the fault of this arrangement; nor that the more backward pupils would receive any benefit from the change proposed. Of all who are dismissed from the academy, not one in three is found deficient in French; and of those who are found deficient in French, not one in ten possesses the requisite talents and industry to graduate with honor to himself and the academy. As to the greater number being dismissed from the western states, I doubt the assertion. I know that in the class with which I graduated, more were dismissed from New England than from any other section of the Union; and I believe this to be not a solitary example.

Perhaps, my worthy friend, when you and I sit down again cosily, to have a free chat together, we shall find other causes for any occasional hostility in the West, against the Military Academy. Till then, dear friend, I shall hope often to see your lucubrations enliven the pages of the U. S. M. & N. Magazine.

Yours truly,

PAX VOBISCUM.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

MR. EDITOR: — As a not entirely inattentive observer of passing events, I have frequently noted the beneficial influence which voluntary associations, for literary or charitable purposes, exercise upon different classes of society. The periodical delivery of lectures upon appropriate themes, diffuses knowledge and inculcates a spirit of inquiry and a thirst for information, which cannot but be productive of the happiest effects. Much of the time passed at the regular meetings of these associations is probably snatched from useless objects or injurious dissipation.

Cannot a joint society, or club, be formed among the officers of the army and navy at the seat of government? — accessible to every member of either arm, and governed by prescribed rules. During the year, a large portion of the officers of both services visit Washington; many of them are entire strangers in the place, although they may chance to meet a friend or acquaintance among the residents or visitors. A common rendezvous, where they could assemble to hear news, discuss various topics, inquire for persons whom they wish to see, read the newspapers and periodicals, and form mutual acquaintances and friendships, appears to me to be highly desirable.

I am one of those who would willingly lend my aid for such a purpose, but do not aspire to sufficient influence to be the first mover in the measure. I can, however, make my views known through your useful publication, (the advantages of which I avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge, and I hope the two services will duly appreciate them also, if they do not already,) and leave to older heads the suggestion of the proper means to accomplish the object.

I cannot conclude without reverting to one point, which seems to me to deserve attention, viz: Boards, or committees of officers, court martials, &c. are frequently required to assemble at Washington, and not having a suitable room, are obliged to resort to a public hotel, at a heavy expense. It might be worth the consideration of government to erect a building on one of the public lots or squares, part of which could be appropriated to assemblages of officers on public business, and a part allotted for their private use, in establishing a library, museum, reading room, club room, lecture room, &c.

FRANKLIN.

LIABILITY OF SOLDIERS.

MR. EDITOR:—The essay which your correspondent 'P.' has so hastily ushered into the world, demands no reply from me. I cannot consent to enter the lists with an antagonist who comes confessedly unarmed. When he has found "time and industry" to search for "*authorities*," as "*Lex*," in the May number of the Magazine, requested, his "notions" may possibly be revolutionized, while his arguments will certainly deserve more respectful consideration.

I regret that your correspondent P., who seems to wield a ready pen, should have permitted the *cacoethes scribendi* to have had so powerful an influence over him as to cajole him into an argument deduced from false premises, founded on presumption alone, and concocted without one reflection. Essays of this nature demand "time and industry" to render them either useful or entertaining, and require study and erudition on the part of their author, to make them worthy of a place in the Magazine, or of serious consequence to the service. No writer, who will not find and devote "time and industry enough even to arrange his ideas into a logical shape," can hope to convince his readers or to convert the legislature.

I lament that P. should elect to answer the "article of A. T.," instead of the "question of *Lex*."

I had much rather join my weak efforts to those of so promising a writer, and work shoulder to shoulder with him to effect a repeal of the impolitic law, which warrants the arrest and imprisonment of enlisted soldiers for debt, over twenty dollars, contracted before enlistment, than to be made an unwilling antagonist, who might, by possibility, suffer the merits of the question to become merged in the halo of the desire of victory. I wait for the "more elaborate essay."

A. T.

LETTER FROM A FORECASTLEMAN.

The enclosed paper, Mr. Editor, was found on the deck of one of our sloops of war, and is sent to you, that the feeling, not only of the seamen of the naval service, but that of their officers also, may be understood. We want no addition to our pay, we want no addition to our reputation, if it is to be at the expense of that gallant and chivalrous body of men—the army. A.

To the editor of that paper what takes interest for and rites for the sojers and sailors:

I'm an old fo'k'stleman, and hase been 25 odd years in our naval sarvice. I was born down far east, and wat's partiklar, considerin the town I was born in, I does'nt know how to rite. I never could larn the use of them are jim-crack things called pens. I can, howsomever, make out to spell along in a book, when the letters are right big. So you see, Mr. Editor, (that's what gentleman Bob says I must call you, and it's him what's a ritin for me,) as we were running along in our dandy ship, t'other day, with stun'sails alow and aloft, and a fine smooth sea, I gets hold of, as how, a printed paper that one of our reefers had been readin on the topgallant fo'k'stle; so down I pops, and begins to spell out the printin. I had'nt got fur afore I finds out that them are chaps that makes laws for us sailors and sojers, were nigh givin our officers of the navy a leetle more pay than they used to have. You may be sure I was mighty glad when I seed it, for its d—md hard times with some on 'em, I knows. Well, thinks I, I'll spell all the matter out, for I was right glad on't. So I called old Ben, our captain of the fo'k'stle, to come and hear me spell it out, and to see what was goin to be done for our skippers, luffs, and all hands. Down he drops, along side of me, and after taking a little of the comfort, (not what you call comfort ashore; that's nearly stop'd in the navy, but what we calls comfort—a good large quid of niggerhead,) I started, and got on tol'lol, till I found 'em talking about the army. Damn it, says I to Ben, (you know the captain of the fo'k'stle is called Ben,) what the devil has the pay of sojers to do with the pay of us sailors. By George, says Ben, (Ben never swears, except by George,) I do'nt zackly know, but I guesses as how our navy boys won't like to have the sojers fetched in. I heerd t'other day our skipper say to

old slush, (that's our first luff,) that for his part he did'nt like them are kind of comparrysons, and he said a good deal about our brave little army, and they did'nt git no more than what they ought ; by George, I thought he was turnin sojer, he said so much about um ; but I like him the better for that. Come, spell on, let's see the upshot of the matter. Well, on I goes, but by the lord Harry, I got most confoundidly bothered among the figgers, and I knows as how I counts as well as any man on the fo'k'stle, but when I comes to that part which takes some of the pay of the sojers to give to our officers a leetle more, I jist looked up in Ben's fize, and chucked the paper down, and I did swear put'y hard, Mr. ; for I knows the officers of the navy so well that I'd lay down my life for um, that they'd rather never git a farthin, than to be the cause of takin um from those are brave men. Indeed, sir, I was dumfoundid, and says I to Ben, Ben says I, we're in a plagy bad way, we're goin down, Ben, and what leetle fitin the navy had last war, has all bin forgotin. Fudge, says Ben, It'll all come out right, so spell on. By this time, d'ye see, I had more of our shipmates about me than old Ben, and some on um putty knowin and cute chaps, and had been most as long in the sarvice as old Ben, and wanted to have a say in the matter ; so after spellin and figgerin out all I could in the matter, I said, d—n my eyes, but I'll spell and figger no more, (Mr. Editor, you'll excuse gentleman Bob for puttin this in ; I told him if he did'nt I'd lick him.) What, says I, and every man on the fo'k'stle, old Ben and all, agreed with me, a'int it too bad. I bees a fool, I knows, but d—me if I dont think them are congressors are playin the fool with the navy, and dont intend doin nothin for us.

All hands stand by your hammocks : so no more at present, jist now.

You may heer from me agin, if gentleman Bob will rite for me.

Yours til death,

A FORECASTLEMAN.

THE MARINE CORPS.

MR. EDITOR :—Will you allow me room enough in your Magazine, to enquire of any Marine Officer, who will be so kind as to respond, what the idea is of the late increase of the officers of the corps? As well as I understand, there are required for sea-service, officers but for one ship of the line and three frigates; and the tendency of the Navy, so to speak, is rather to decrease the number of large vessels and substitute smaller ; so that, unless something more than appears probable just now, turns up, there will before long be required, but one marine officer on each station. Putting the number though at its present stand, we require, say, three officers for the ship of the line, and two for each frigate—nine; double it, or treble it if you please, for relief, and what is to become of the other thirty-two? For the half dozen marines, at half a dozen shore stations, thirty-two officers cannot be necessary. Or considering the corps, independent of the Navy, as a regiment, and if I am not mistaken, it is hardly a full regiment, how can fifty-nine officers be requisite?

Surely we are the most bungling, mismanaging, set of fellows in the world. We Naval gentlemen, with all the advantage of being, I believe by common consent, the favorite arm of the national defence, cannot get our corps put upon any sort of footing at all. We have lots of committees of different ranks, sitting in Washington every winter, all pulling different ways, but still can get nothing done for us. The Army have always had every thing they wish;* and now the Marines have got, I suppose, what they want, and we are still in the vocative. There certainly must be some kind of blight upon our understandings, which prevents us from being able to do what others can. However that be, I will thank any officer who will give me the whys and wherefores for the increase of their corps, and whether there is any addition to their pay and emoluments.

MIZEN

* Some officers of the Army, will, we apprehend, be inclined to deny the correctness of this assertion.—EDITOR.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

MR. EDITOR:—"A citizen and lover of the army," in an article of the October number of the Military and Naval Magazine, headed "Sunday Inspections," bestows the most flattering encomiums on the Secretary of War, for abolishing Sunday Inspections, and for commuting for coffee and sugar, the allowance of whiskey formerly issued to soldiers.

The communication of "a Citizen and Lover," professes to be a reply to an article over the signature of "A Reader," from Fort Gibson; the communication contains not the vestige of an argument in reply to "A Reader,"—in fact, the subject of Sunday Inspections is entirely lost sight of, and in lieu of it, the subject of temperance is taken up, and the merits of the Secretary of War are trumpeted forth in no measured strains. I am glad, sir, that citizens take an interest in the success of the M. and N. Magazine; I am glad that they take an interest in the army; but I apprehend that the Magazine was not established to advocate the claims of the Secretary of War to political pre-eminence.

Your correspondent accuses "A Reader," of jumping at once to a conclusion. In his ardor to censure "A Reader," he appears to have forgotten the old dictum: "persons who live in glass houses should not throw stones." I know nothing of "A Reader," and I gave his communication but a cursory reading;—with him I am not concerned.

Your correspondent says—"that on this frontier, numbers, in and out of the army, rejoice that soldiers are not made *beasts of burthen* on the Lord's day." This assertion is perfectly gratuitous. Soldiers never were made *beasts of burthen* on the Lord's day. Previous to the issuing of the order doing away with Sunday Inspections, the soldiers in garrison were assembled and inspected on Sunday morning; those that felt inclined then attended church; if there was no church in the vicinity, the soldiers spent the day at their ease and in quiet. The Sabbath was, in all respects, at least as well observed then, as now. But wherein consists this crying sin of a Sunday Inspection? Does not every dutiful house-wife attend particularly to the arrangement of her household on Sabbath morning? Does not every gentleman have great regard to his personal appearance on the Lord's day? In this respect the customs of mankind, generally, are in perfect accordance with the Sunday Inspections, the abolishing of which, in the opinion of "A Citizen and Lover," redounds so much to the credit of the Secretary of War. Your correspondent says, "that on this frontier there are not many, among officers or men who do not deem that an important benefit has been conferred on the service." This assertion is not warranted. I write from actual observation and knowledge; at those posts where I have been, at least an equal part consider that the abolishing of Sunday Inspections has been an injury.

I shall not here enter upon the subject of temperance, but merely remark, that at one of the posts mentioned in the communication of your correspondent, no good effect has resulted from the commutation made by the Secretary, of sugar and coffee for whiskey. If the Secretary was actuated by honest motives in the *reforms* he has introduced—then he has his reward; but I do not hesitate to declare that the condition of the army, during the last two or three years, as to discipline and good feeling, has been most wretched. Why this has been so, I do not feel bound in this place to explain. "A Reader" can defend himself from the imputations cast upon him by "A Citizen and Lover." In regard to his reflections upon the army generally, I am willing to believe that he has sinned more from ignorance than malice. There is not an officer in the army, who deems it a disgrace to impart wholesome, moral and religious advice to the men under his command, the insinuation of "A Citizen and Lover," to the contrary notwithstanding. I deny that there ever was a time, when drunkenness was counted a virtue—ridicule of every thing sacred, an honor—libertinism, gambling, profanity, &c. eulogised to the skies; while every moral tie or religious observance was laughed to scorn. Tacitus himself never pictured the degraded condition of the Roman armies in stronger colors, than your correspondent has done that of our little band. To what period does he refer? to the times of '76? or to the memorable days of the late war? I fear that the evil imagination of your correspondent got the better of his judgment; or that,

carried away by his zeal for the cause of the Secretary of War, he has sought to represent the army as on the very verge of ruin, from which it was rescued by the reformatations of the benevolent Secretary.

"A Citizen and Lover" says, "restless and dissatisfied spirits are yet found in the army, who would rank *rapine, burning and ravishing* amongst their martial accomplishments." "A Citizen and Lover," hurried along by his imagination, must have fancied that he himself was again a member of the army.

ST. CLAIR.

SHIPS, PUMPS.

MR. EDITOR:—This morning in looking over several of the late numbers of the Magazine, which had just come to my hands; I perceived in the May No., 34, a notice of a *new description of pumps*, intended to answer the purpose of a wash-deck pump and fire engine; (contained in an extract from the United Service Gazette.) A pump of that description was successfully used on board the Vandalia, during her first cruise in 29, 30, 31, and is probably yet in her.

Respectfully,

Your subscriber,

Nov. 13.

TRUCK.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO CAPTAIN H. W. GRISWOLD.

At a meeting of the Officers of the United States Army, stationed in the harbor of Charleston, convened at Fort Moultrie, on the 25th October, in consequence of the melancholy death of their highly estimated and meritorious brother officer, the late Captain HENRY W. GRISWOLD, the following proceedings were adopted:—

An inscrutable destiny has, after a painful, though short illness, deprived us of the society of one who, to all the kindly affections that adorn the man, the husband, and the father, added the honor and gallantry of the soldier. His course through a brief and unsullied life, was that pointed out by duty and patriotism. His family have lost an endeared and kind protector, his country an honorable and fearless son.

Be it Resolved, That we deeply deplore the untimely death of our late associate, Captain HENRY W. GRISWOLD, of the 1st regiment U. S. Artillery.

Resolved, That we condole with his afflicted family in their irreparable bereavement.

Resolved, That this expression of our sympathy be conveyed to the family of the deceased, by the Major commanding.

Resolved, That our thanks be presented to Gen. JAMES HAMILTON, for the readiness with which he tendered his assistance in contributing to the funeral honors of the deceased.

Resolved, That Captain AXSON, of the Cadet Riflemen; Captain FINLEY, of the Gunter Guards, and their respective commands, are entitled to our warmest acknowledgments, for their soldier-like feeling in promptly complying with the invitation of their Commanding General, on this mournful occasion.

Resolved, That we highly appreciate the indications of respect manifested by the several masters of vessels in the harbor.

Resolved, That the editors of the several papers of the city, and of the Military and Naval Magazine, be requested to publish these proceedings

WM. GATES, Major 1st Artillery, Commanding.

G. PORTER, Captain 1st Artillery.

L. GATES, 1st Lieutenant, 1st Artillery

J. L'ENGLE, 1st Lieutenant, 3d Artillery.

L. B. WEBSTER, 1st Lieutenant, 1st Artillery.

J. WILLIAMSON, 1st Lieutenant, 1st Artillery.

H. S. HAWKINS, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.

WM. H. PETTES, 2d Lieutenant, 1st Artillery.

D. E. HALE, Brevet 2d Lieutenant, 1st Artillery.

At a meeting of officers of the army at *Fort Monroe, (Va.)* on the 5th of November, 1834, the following expression of feeling was recorded :—

Resolved, That, as a testimonial of respect to the memory of our departed comrade, Captain HENRY W. GRISWOLD, late of the 1st Regiment of Artillery, whose martial endowments and manly virtues secured to him, while living, our admiration and esteem, and whose untimely death we sincerely deplore, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

W. K. ARMISTEAD, Brevet Brigadier General Artillery.
A. C. W. FANNING, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Artillery.
J. F. HEILEMAN, Brevet Major Artillery.
F. WHITING, Brevet Major Artillery.
J. L. GARDNER, Brevet Major Artillery.
E. LYON, Captain 3d Artillery.
T. W. LENDRUM, Captain 3d Artillery.
P. H. GALT, Captain 4th Artillery.
J. M. WASHINGTON, Captain 4th Artillery
T. GREEN, Brevet Captain 1st Artillery, and A. C. S.
C. MELLON, Brevet Captain 2d Artillery.
B. HUGER, Captain Ordnance.
D. H. VINTON, 1st Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
H. GARNER, 1st Lieutenant 3d Artillery, and Adjutant.
C. DIMMOCK, 1st Lieutenant 1st Artillery, and A. Q. M.
W. S. MAITLAND, 1st Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
F. L. JONES, 1st Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
J. FARLEY, 1st Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
C. SMITH, 1st Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
J. McCLELLAN, 1st Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
E. FRENCH, 2d Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
R. H. K. WHITELY, 2d Lieutenant 2d Artillery.
G. H. TALCOTT, 2d Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
E. A. CAPRON, 2d Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
J. H. SIMPSON, 2d Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
R. W. LEE, Brevet 2d Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
J. L. DAVIS, Brevet 2d Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
A. E. SHIRAS, Brevet 2d Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
T. A. MORRIS, Brevet 2d Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
J. F. LEE, Brevet 2d Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
M. S. MILLER, Brevet 2d Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
W. G. FREEMAN, Brevet 2d Lieutenant 4th Artillery
R. ARCHER, Assistant Surgeon.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

Brevet Brigadier General Clinch, Colonel of the 4th Infantry, has been assigned to the command of all the troops in Florida. His head quarters are at Fort King.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.—Captain Drane's company D, of the 2d Artillery, has been ordered from Fort Marion, to join the garrison at Fort King.

Brevet Major Zantzinger's company H, of the 2d Artillery, at Fort Pickens; Captain Fraser's company B, of the 3d, at Fort Mitchell; and company H, of the 3d, at Fort Morgan, Lieut. C. Graham commanding, have been ordered to Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay, there to await further orders.

One of the companies at Fort Hamilton, N. Y. has been transferred to Fort Columbus.

Captain G. Porter's company has been transferred from Fort Moultrie to Castle Pinckney, Charleston, S. C., to the command of which latter Post, Captain P. has been assigned, vice Griswold, deceased. Captain D. Van Ness has joined his company, (late Griswold's) which has been transferred from Castle Pinckney to Fort Moultrie.

RESIGNATIONS IN THE ARMY.

Assistant Surgeon J. M. GARDNER, 30th November, 1834.

First Lieutenant, and Brevet Captain, W. WELLS, 2d Artillery, 1st December, 1834.

NAVAL COURTS MARTIAL.

A Naval General Court Martial was convened on board the U. S. Frigate *Java*, at Norfolk, Va. on Monday, 11th August, 1834.

Commodore LEWIS WARRINGTON, President.

Captains S. Cassin, E. P. Kennedy, J. Wilkinson, W. B. Shubrick; *Masters Commandant* J. Gallagher, C. W. Skinner; *Lieutenants* A. Fitzhugh, and C. K. Stribling, Members.

Merrit Jordan, Esq., Judge Advocate.

Master Commandant Thomas M. Newell, late commander of the U. S. ship *St. Louis*, was arraigned upon charges of unofficer and ungentlemanly conduct, neglect of duty, incapacity, and scandalous conduct, preferred against him by Dr. J. S. Wily, late surgeon of said ship: and upon charges of scandalous conduct, conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, oppressive conduct, neglect of duty, unofficer-like conduct, and want of proper respect to the flag of the United States, preferred by Midshipman S. Garrison. Captain Newell was found guilty of part of these charges, and not guilty of the others, and was sentenced by the court "to be placed at the foot of the list of Master Commandants of his own date." The sentence has been remitted, as unusual and improper.

Captain Newell was then tried upon charges of oppression, disobedience of orders and neglect of duty, and falsehood, preferred by Assistant Surgeon Euclid Borland, and sentenced "to be suspended from all command in the Navy of the U. S. for the period and term of five years, from and after the approval of the sentence." The sentence has been remitted in part, and the term of suspension reduced to two years from the 15th October, 1834.

Lieutenant W. S. Harris, late first of the *St. Louis*, was tried upon charges of scandalous conduct, and conduct unbecoming an officer, oppression, and neglect of duty; and was "fully and honorably acquitted." Judgment of the court approved 22d September.

Surgeon John S. Wily was tried upon charges of insubordination and unofficer-like conduct, neglect of duty, and disobedience of orders, disrespect and contempt to his superiors; found guilty under each and every charge, and sentenced to be cashiered. Approved 15th October.

Assistant Surgeon Euclid Borland, late of the *St. Louis*, was tried upon a charge of disrespectful and contemptuous conduct towards his commander; upon three additional charges of disrespect and contempt, mutinous conduct, disobedience of orders, and scandalous conduct; and upon two further additional charges of neglect of duty, and disobedience of orders, and disrespectful and contemptuous conduct; found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. Approved 15th October.

Midshipman Samuel Garrison, late of the St. Louis, was tried upon charges of neglect of duty, and disobedience of orders, contemptuous and disrespectful conduct, breaking arrest, quarrelling, and ungentlemanly and unofficer-like conduct; and upon an additional charge of disobedience of orders, and contempt for the authority of his commanding officer; found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. Approved 15th October.

Midshipman Montgomery Hunt, Jr., late of the St. Louis, was tried upon charges of sleeping on watch, and negligently performing duty assigned him, and scandalous conduct; sentenced to be put back one year in the date of his warrant. Sentence remitted.

Midshipman Edward C. Ward, late of the St. Louis, was tried upon charges of neglect of duty and insubordinate conduct; found guilty, and sentenced to be reprimanded in general orders. Approved 15th October.

Passed Midshipman William Chandler, lately attached to the Norfolk station, was tried upon charges of disrespect to his superior officer, and scandalous conduct, and using provoking and reproachful words; found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. Approved 15th October.

The Court adjourned on the 13th September. Owing to the absence of the President of the U. S. and the Secretary of the Navy, the proceedings and sentences could not be acted upon at an earlier day.

A Naval Court Martial was convened at the U. S. Navy Yard, Charlestown Mass. on the 13th October, for the trial of Lieutenant Edward B. Babbit, late first of that yard, on four separate charges, preferred against him by Commodore J. D. Elliott: 1. Ordering an alteration in the repairs of a vessel of war, without the knowledge or consent of the Commandant of the Yard; 2. unofficer-like conduct; 3. neglect of duty; 4. disobedience of orders. The Court consisted of Commodore W. M. Crane, President; Captains Creighton, Downes, Morgan, and Kearny; Masters Commandant Stevens and Sloat, members. C. W. Cutter, Esq. Judge Advocate. The court adjourned on the 29th October, having decided that none of the specifications under the several charges were proved, and having fully acquitted the said Lieutenant Babbit of the same. Judgment approved 4th November.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

MEDITERRANEAN.—Frigate *Constellation*, Captain Read, arrived at Mahon on the 12th August and sailed on the 2d October; at Gibraltar 8th October, and sailed thence on the 12th; arrived at Norfolk on the 21st November.

The cholera which had prevailed in Spain during the summer, reached Mahon about the middle of September, at which time the *Constellation* was in that port, and the disease broke out among her crew. From the time the *Constellation* left Mahon until she had been nine days in the Atlantic, the cholera continued to prevail on board; the number of cases during that time amounted to between ninety and a hundred, and the number of deaths to nineteen, including *passed midshipman* HORATIO G. MYERS, of South Carolina, the only officer who fell a victim to this fatal disease.

The Delaware, Com. PATTERSON, was on the coast of Syria, and was expected to leave Alexandria shortly, for Mahon, touching at Tripoli and Tunis. The schr. *Shark*, Lt. Comdt. PAULDING, had arrived at Malta from Alexandria, and was also expected at Mahon. The frigate *United States*, Capt. BALLARD, was at Smyrna, giving convoy to merchant vessels. It was reported that the ship John Adams, Capt. CONNER, had passed Gibraltar, bound up.

The *Constellation* has brought over the fine marble statues, emblematical of peace and war, intended to ornament the Capitol of the United States. They were executed by Louis Persico, and are said to be splendid specimens of sculpture.

It was at first intended that the *Constellation* should proceed to Washington, with the statues, but in consequence of the advanced state of the season, she has been ordered to discharge her crew at Norfolk.

List of officers attached to the U. S. ship Constellation.

GEORGE C. READ, Esq. *Commander*.—*Lieutenants*, John Rudd, George Adams, Lloyd B. Newell, John T. Jenkins, John A. Davis, and George M. Hood. —*Surgeon*, M. Morgan.—*Assistant Surgeons*, John C. Mercer, and Samuel C. Lawrason.—*Purser*, Josiah Colston.—*Chaplain*, Walter Colton.—*Lieutenant of Marines*, Francis Hall.—*Acting Master*, John P. Gillis.—*Passed Midshipmen*, Wm. W. Bleecker, and James R. Sully.—*Midshipmen*, Thomas A. Budd, J. W. D. Ford, Joshua Humphreys, Montfort S. Stokes, Joseph A. Underwood, John O. Wilson, Louis C. Sartori, Richard M. Harvey, Henry H. Lewis, J. R. M. Mullany, William R. Postill, Richard R. Trapier, Edward T. Shubrick, James C. Williamson, George Wickham, Fabius Stanley.—*Captain's Clerk*, William J. Barclay.—*School Master*, John J. Clare.—*Boatswain*, William Brown.—*Sail Maker*, Benjamin Crow.—*Acting Carpenter*, Francis Sargee.—*Gunner*, Henry Keeling.—*Purser's Clerk*, William Bachelor.—*Passengers*, Louis Persico, Esq., of Washington, and Julius Bernoutki, Esq. of Poland.

WEST INDIES.—Sloop *St. Louis*, Capt. McCauley, bearing the broad pendant of Com. Henley, sailed from Norfolk for the West Indies, 14th November.*

Sloop *Vandalia*, Capt. Webb, still at Norfolk, nearly ready for sea; will sail soon for the West Indies.

Sloop *Falmouth*, Capt. Rousseau, was at Vera Cruz, 23th October.

Schooner *Experiment*, Lieut. Comd'g Paine, sailed from Pensacola, 22d October; was at Key West 14th November.

BRAZIL.—Sloop *Natchez*, Capt. Zantzinger, bearing the broad pendant of Com. Renshaw, arrived at Rio, 13th September, 7 days from Bahia, and sailed on the 4th October for Montevideo.

Sloop *Ontario*, Capt. Salter, was at Bahia, the 6th September, and arrived at Rio on the 3d October.

Schooner *Enterprize*, Lieut. Comd'g Campbell, arrived at Rio, 15th September, 6d days from Hampton Roads, and sailed for Montevideo, in company with the *Natchez*.

PACIFIC.—No intelligence from the squadron on this station, since the last monthly report.

Schooner *Boxer*, Lieut. Comd'g Page, sailed from Norfolk, 2d November, for the Pacific.

NAVAL MEDICAL BOARD.

The Board of Naval Surgeons, which assembled at Washington on the 20th October, adjourned on the 6th November, and have reported to the Department the following Assistant Surgeons as qualified for promotion to the rank of Surgeons in the Navy, viz:

George Blacknall,
Isaac Brinkerhoff,
William M. Wood,
John V. Smith,

Jones W. Plummer,
George B. McKnight,
Solomon Sharp,
Daniel Egbert.

At the same time the following gentlemen were examined and reported to the Department as qualified for admission as Assistant Surgeons, viz:—

Robert Woodworth,
William N. Valk,
David Harlan,

Victor L. Godin,
Alexander J. Wedderburne.

* It was mentioned in the last monthly summary of Naval Intelligence, that Dr. Osborne, Fleet Surgeon, would go out in the *St. Louis*, if Commodore Henley should hoist his flag on board that ship; but as the change of flag was only temporary, the *St. Louis* being first ready for sea, it was not thought necessary to make any change in the arrangement of the officers. Dr. Osborne, therefore, still remains attached to the *Vandalia*.

1834.]

DEATHS.

[DECEMBER,

PROMOTIONS.

Assistant Surgeons Henry S. Coulter and John F. Brooke, to be Surgeons, 4th November 1834.

APPOINTMENTS.

Thomas A. Parsons, of Georgia, Charles A. Hassler, of New York, and John R. Peckworth, of Ohio, to be Assistant Surgeons, 4th November, 1834.

Thomas M. Taylor, of New Jersey, Purser, 3d November, 1834.

DISMISSAL.

Assistant Surgeon Cornelius Moore, 21st November, 1834.

The *Muse d' Artillerie* at Paris possesses 27 kinds of muskets with percussion locks, 100 complete suits of armour of Knights of the middle ages, a piece of cannon cast in the year 1500, and one 1636, baptised by the name of the Cardinal de Richelieu.

DEATHS.

At Fort Dearborn, on the 16th Oct. JOHN CHARLES MERRYMAN, eldest son of Captain J. M. BAXLEY.

In Washington, on the 2d Nov. JEREMIAH WILLIAMS THOMAS, infant son of Lieut. T. R. GEDNEY, of the Navy.

In Georgetown D. C. on the 17th Nov Brevet Brigadier General JAMES HOUSE, Colonel of the first regiment U. S. Artillery.

On the 23d Nov., in Fairfax county, Va. HENRY, infant son of Lieutenant JOSEPH SMOOT, U. S. Navy, aged 18 months and 12 days.

Near St. Louis, Mo. on the 6th Nov. Major THOMAS WRIGHT, Paymaster U. S. Army.

At Port Mahon, on the — June, Dr. EDWARD H. FREELAND, of the Navy, lately attached to schr. Shark.

—At the same place of cholera, on the 16th Sept., HORATIO G. MYERS, of S. C., Passed Midshipman, attached to the U. S. frigate Constellation.

At Philadelphia, on the 28th Nov. Dr. SAMUEL B. SMITH, Assistant Surgeon of the Army, stationed at Fort Severn, Annapolis.

At Fort Gibson, A. T., on the 6th October, Lieut. E. G. EASTMAN, of the 2d Infantry.

Appointed to the regiment of Dragoons, at its first organization, Lieut. E. was actively engaged on duty with it, until an arrangement fixing the rank

of officers in the corps, induced him to apply to be retained in his former regiment, (the 2d,) which application was complied with. Nevertheless, the scarcity of efficient officers caused his temporary retention in the dragoons, and he was despatched, alone, in charge of a troop which he had, in a great measure, raised, equipped, and organized himself, from Jefferson Barracks to Fort Gibson. The highly creditable manner in which this march was conducted, was sufficient to gain for him a high character as an officer; but Lt. E.'s reputation was based on a broader foundation, in the very high standing he maintained in the opinion of his brother officers, in both the corps in which he had served. Trained in the excellent school of the 2d infantry to the accurate knowledge and practice of the proper duties of a company officer, he took just pride in their performance.

Although sick when the Pawnee expedition left Fort Gibson, he determined to accompany it; but the hardship and exposure were too much for his debilitated constitution, and he was left at Camp Smith, near the mouth of the False Wachita, unable to proceed.

He languished for a few weeks after his return hither, and now adds another to the long list of gallant fellows who have found their last resting place at this "charnel house of the army."

Fort Gibson, Oct. 7, 1834.